

Germany Calling

What is the good of all that starry firmament and the revolving planets, of all Creation's labour and travail up to now, if it is not to enable a man to live in freedom, in happiness, and in activity among his surroundings? Goethe

Number 1046

APRIL 8, 1939

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

A WOODEN
SHIP FOR THE
SEVEN SEAS

See page 7

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CHINA'S BACK DOOR A Wonderful New Road From Mandalay

BETTER THAN THE GREAT WALL

A new China is being made by Chiang Kai-Shek. A new road to the sea has been made for it.

As Japan, taking one by one China's ports on the Yellow Sea, and occupying one after another China's eastern cities, Peking, Canton, Hankow, has pushed 500 miles inland, the Chinese under Chiang Kai-Shek have retreated westward. There in the Far West a new China is being welded together. There among mountains and forests, rivers rolling from Tibet and upland pastures, China's Liberator is strengthening and training an army of 2,000,000 men.

A Great Migration

Japan's unrelaxing purpose must not be underestimated. She has pushed 500 miles from the coast, she has an army line of 2000 miles to maintain, she is occupying a hostile country where she is hated, but she shows no sign yet of letting go. She has all the lines of communication she needs, and though her finances are terribly strained her people in their island home are in no want of food, and are far from rising against the Government. She must go on, wringing what she can out of the millions of square miles she has taken in China, and hoping to wear down the Chinese will to resist.

Against that ruthless Japanese pressure what has China, and Chiang Kai-Shek, to set? In the stricken, scorched lands of the Japanese occupation millions of Chinese peasants remain because they must; but millions more are flowing west in one of the greatest floods of migration of recent times. The sight of these multitudes trekking steadily onwards on foot, in carts, on mules and horses, and in lorries, is hardly to be believed. Where are they going? They are going to the vast unconquered provinces of Szechwan, Kansu, Yunnan, and Kweichow. They are names on the map to most English people, but to Chiang Kai-Shek and the unsubdued Chinese who think and act with him they are the training ground for the armies which are before very long to make a new China in Asia.

The Two Roads Left

One condition must nevertheless be fulfilled. These armies must have arms and munitions. How are these to be conveyed to them? Not through the old China ports, because the Japanese hold them, or by the Chinese rivers. There are two roads only. One is by the road from Russia, down which long lines of camels are plodding

steadily through Sinkiang and Kansu to Lanchow and Chungking, China's new capital on the Yangtse-kiang.

The other road, the New Road in Old China, is through Burma, from the port of Rangoon to Mandalay, from Mandalay to Lashio, capital of the Northern Shan States, and so, passing Talifu (an ancient ruined capital), to Siakwan, both in the Yunnan Province, where Chiang Kai-Shek is in command.

The Burma part of this highway was made by British effort, for we once hoped that the railway from Mandalay might be continued into China. Archibald Colquhoun submitted the idea to Cecil Rhodes, who approved it, but could not find the money, and the way was surveyed, though nothing has come of it.

But the northern part of the road is very ancient. Much of it was the Old Tribute Road, so-called from the annual tribute which used to be sent over it to Peking after the conquest of Burma by the Mongols.

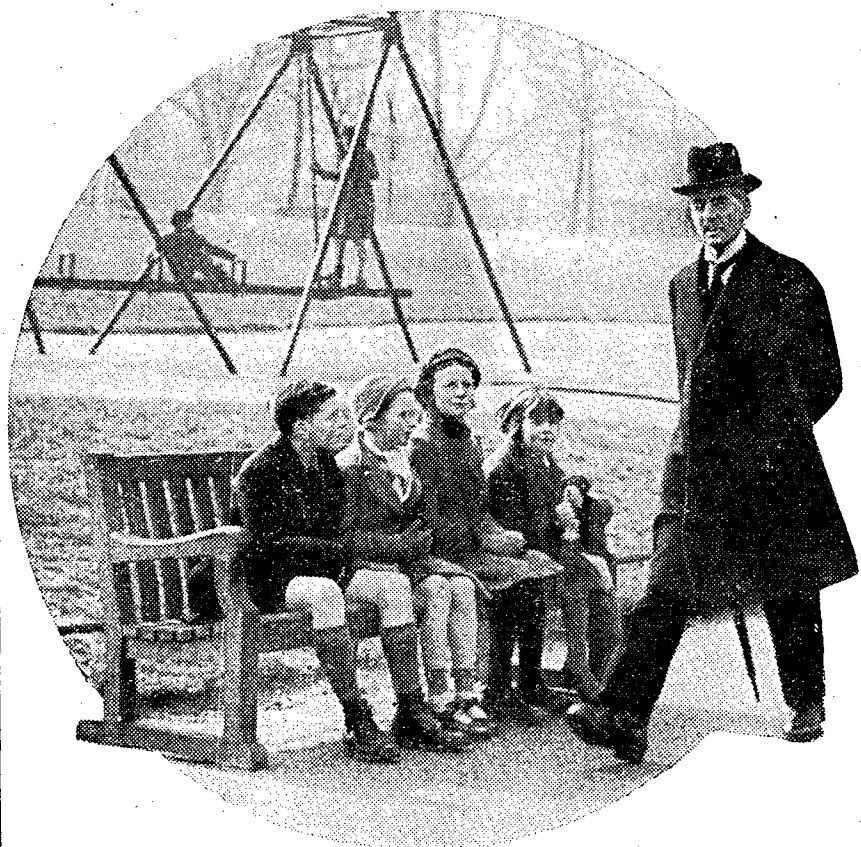
Marco Polo travelled along part of it, but for long generations it has been nothing but a narrow stone track for most of its length. Then the new China took it in hand, leaving the portion of it in Burma to the British, and undertaking the construction of the sections through the Shan States into Yunnan Province. They have done their share in a year, and now the New Road, rough and ready in places, but completed with concrete culverts and a concrete bridge over the Mekong, crosses the mountains between China and Burma.

An Extraordinary Feat

It is over 2000 miles from Yunnan to Rangoon. The Chinese share of the road has been made in less than a year, with primitive labour and road-building equipment. It was an extraordinary feat, and it is no less extraordinary that motor buses and lorries are now moving along it. A few weeks ago Mr Nelson Johnson, American Ambassador to China, told how he had been the first to travel by car from Chungking all the way to Rangoon over the New Yunnan-Burma road.

Parts of the road had been constructed years before. There were road beds in the rough. There was an ancient bridge over the Pang River in Kweichow built 400 years ago of heavy chains with planks laid across them. The old bridge is now replaced by concrete, the road beds have been filled in so as to make a surface that

Continued on page 2



Two Men of the
Empire

Admiring glances for Mr Chamberlain as he takes his morning walk; and, on the left, General Smuts looks out from the top of Table Mountain



The Decent Life of the Common Man

By Philip Guedalla

It seems to us that these wise words should be printed far and wide. They are by Mr Philip Guedalla.

The whole issue today is between a people who like to play at being a tribe and those great aggregations of ordinary free human beings who merely want to live their own lives as the people of the United States and this country do.

The American knows he is an American without having to undergo a blood test or organise a torchlight tattoo. The American knows the United States is a great power without having to assure himself of the fact by knocking down a less powerful neighbour. Both nations dislike cruelty and common theft, and both recoil from the same threats to peace, freedom, and ordered life.

Recoiling from these things, we find ourselves back to back and facing the dark forces which threaten the one thing in the world that matters in the last analysis, the decent life of the common man.

Scarlet Marigold

The world needs cheering up, and many will welcome the new scarlet marigold which has been grown, after 270 experiments, by an American on a Californian farm. We are told that plants of French and African marigolds were crossed, and 60,000 bees carried out the work of pollination.

THE BLIND PEER AND THE GIRL FIDDLER

Romance of a Short Peerage

Peerages come and go, sometimes lasting for a very brief time. This is the story of one that lasted eight years and is now extinct.

It was granted to a native of Suffolk, Henry Sanderson Furniss, when he was 63 and the blindness from which he had been suffering from childhood was all but total. His life, however, had been a complete triumph over his affliction, as a player of games, as a fiddler, and as an economist famous for his advocacy of Free Trade.

Perhaps the most curiously interesting thing about this blind genius is that he discovered a girl fiddler in the streets of Bristol who took London by storm, Marie Hall.

For nine years Henry Furniss was Principal of Ruskin College, refusing a salary and devoting himself also to the Worker's Educational Association. He was first a Liberal, then a Labour Peer as Lord Sanderson, and finally supported the Government as a Conservative.

FRIENDS OF THE C N

School Groups

We have received an interesting note of one good turn a friend in the north of England does each week for the C N.

For many years he has made this arrangement in connection with elementary schools in three towns of Lancashire. The children are invited to form groups of three scholars. Each scholar pays a halfpenny a week towards the cost of the C N, and our friend pays the balance. In each group the following plan is adopted. Scholar A receives the copy on Thursday and keeps it till Monday morning. He then passes it on to Scholar B, who has the paper till Thursday, when he gives it to Scholar C, who keeps it as his own. On Thursday B receives the new number, C gets it on the following Monday, and passes it on Thursday to A, who keeps it. So the plan goes on working.

Pillars of Coal

The city of Newcastle may one day stand on pillars of coal.

Its Council has agreed to allow the Elswick Coal Company to work coal under its very houses and streets. The areas to be mined are estimated to contain at least 1,600,000 tons of coal, and it is believed work will be found for the miners of the Benwell and Elswick collieries for 30 years.

In granting the miners permission to take coal from the rich seams in the neighbourhood the Council has been careful to ensure that property above shall not be endangered by subsidence, and its licence is given only on the understanding that pillars of coal 17 yards square or 30 yards long and 12 yards wide shall be left in the seams to act as supports for the hundreds of feet of earth above.

The Post-Office Bank

The Post Office Savings Bank reports that there are 11 million active accounts.

As Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are now both depositors we imagine the number now to be 11,000,002. It is very pleasant to feel that we are in such a good company.

Down the Chimney

A Walsall steeplejack owes his life to a heap of soot. He is Ronald Dainty, who was working on the inside of a high chimney when a rope snapped and he crashed to the bottom, being found soon after sitting on a great pile of soot, cheerful and unharmed.

Tutankhamen's Trumpet Will Blow

A VOICE IN TROUBLED TIMES

IN this swift-changing world, in these profoundly anxious days, peace and war is always in the balance, but always there is Hope.

Tutankhamen's Trumpet is to be blown and broadcast about the world: what a trumpet call it would be if this romantic voice from the past, snatched from its 3000-year-old hiding in the Valley of the Kings at Karnak, could summon the spirit of Peace from the place where it sleeps!

Signor Mussolini, even in the midst of a speech of wild bravado, declares that a long peace is necessary to civilisation in Europe.

America, greatly perturbed by the aggression of the Nazis, has cut off

all its trade with Germany. Poland declares that she is not afraid but will defend her independence against whatever foe. Rumania has carried on her trade agreements with Germany as if all were well. The Dictators assert that the Rome-Berlin Axis is active and unbreakable. The British and French Governments are acting as one. Russia, however, is still the Riddle of the Age.

So the confusions of the world go on, all men and women of goodwill praying that they may cease and that from this breathing space may come some solid contribution to the calmer, saner, safer world of Tomorrow, or the day after.

THE ROAD FROM MANDALAY

Continued from page 1

will resist the torrential rains. All, or nearly all, was hand labour.

The workers, thousands of them, men, women, and children, acting by families or clans, gathered heavy rocks together in long walls beside the road, drawing the heavier boulders on

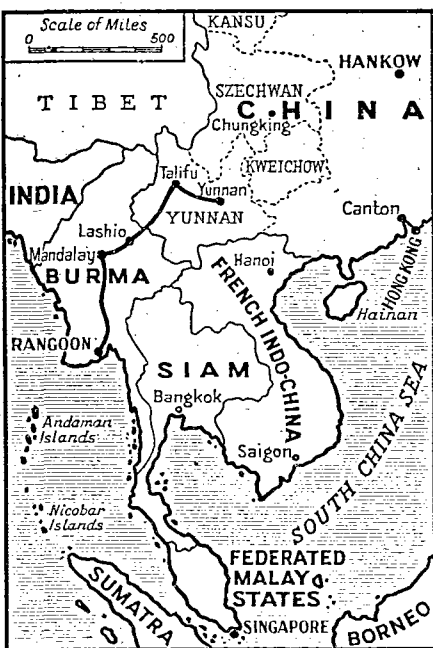
were laid evenly over the road, the spaces filled with cracked rock, and crude rollers of rough-dressed stone smoothed all down.

So the road was made; and it was a hard road for motor-buses to travel, harder still for passengers in the early stages, and not least hard for the patient (or impatient) country stone breakers, who had to wait for the bus to extricate itself.

The part of the road through Siakwan, near Talifu, was the worst, because a section of it had to be blasted out of the rock through a narrow gorge. The native workers liked the noise of the blasting, but were always in the way. But places like this, and the others where bridges had to cross the Mekong and the Salween Rivers, were the only ones where there was machine equipment for the work. Elsewhere the simple tools were the same as had been used with few variations for 2000 years.

So, with primitive tools and in primitive fashion, the New Road has been made by tribes almost as primitive. It crosses mountains and river valleys, and passes through mile after mile of pine forest and rhododendron thickets, where no one seems to live. Passing along it the traveller seems to see the early world.

But in its use the New Road is modern in the highest degree. It is the 20th century defensive substitute for the Chinese Wall.



sledges drawn by oxen. Each section of the wall was marked with the name of the family who built it. Grandfathers cracked the boulders and the big rocks. The greater stone fragments

The Nuisance in the Sky

Aeroplanes are not for fun nowadays, and they are not for advertising.

Not before it is time the Parliamentary Committee on the control of flying has recommended a ban on aeroplanes which fly low over towns, with streamers floating behind to carry advertisements of somebody's goods for sale. They are an insult to the eye, a danger to the public, and no benefit to the advertiser, whose wares the public will afterwards probably avoid because they detest his ways.

Low flying over towns is a menace to the pilot in the plane and the people below, as many accidents have shown; and the Air Ministry should mark out areas where, because forced landings would be disastrous, only the planes with twin engines, enabling them at all times to maintain height, should be allowed to go.

A Word of Three Letters

What is known as the Access to Mountains Bill is making rapid progress towards the Statute Book, and soon we shall have a new law entitling us all, so long as we keep the regulations, to wander over mountain and moor between one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset, without let or hindrance by anyone.

Some amusement has been caused by a provision included in the Bill giving us the right to enjoy mountain air as well as exercise, and some writers have jeered at the framers of the clause. The answer is that the word is in its proper place, for, were the right not stated, any keeper, finding us resting on the mountain, might order us off on the ground that we were not taking exercise.

So that the little word of three letters has a perfect right to be in the new Bill.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The National Council of Education for Canada is to open a permanent camp (King's Camp) on the Sulphur Mountain in the Rockies to commemorate the visit of the King and Queen this summer.

According to the census taken recently Russia's population is now 170,126,000.

The LMS now has a streamlined Diesel-engined train running between London and Nottingham.

A kittiwake gull, ringed on the island of Kharlov in the Barents Sea, well within the Arctic Circle, has been found near little Fogo Island in Newfoundland.

To reduce eyestrain among school-children Bridlington Education Authority is experimenting with the use of green boards and yellow chalk.

There are now 20 refugee committees working at Bloomsbury House, the headquarters of the Lord Baldwin Fund.

Copper coins are so scarce in Newfoundland that country banks have to offer boxes of matches as small change.

Guides of the 3rd Purulia Leper Company, of Bihar in India, helped to build the mud walls of the new scout house in the leper settlement.

Hammersmith clinics have made 2000 discs with the words "Please do not kiss me" to sell to the mothers of babies.

A celluloid doll is believed to have been the cause of a fire in which two children lost their lives at Kalgoorlie.

A special LNER train is to take 250 Boy Scouts on a 1000-mile tour at Easter.

According to Chinese statistics of their casualties in the war with Japan the causes of wounds among Chinese are as follows per hundred patients: only one per cent result from bayonets and bullets, 19 per cent from aeroplane bombs, 80 per cent due to shell fragments.

THINGS SEEN

A warrant officer chasing a mouse in court.

A whale weighing six tons stranded at Bridlington.

A whole village from overcrowded Java migrating to Sumatra.

THINGS SAID

Everyone who keeps calm and steadfast in the midst of strident voices is rendering a signal service to his country.

Archbishop of Canterbury

There are a million and a half of children who come under no public health authority of any kind. Lady Astor

The medical view is that half the children are sent into the world with jerry-built bodies. Mr Lees-Smith, M P

I am a gangster. (A witness.) I think you mean a ganger. (The solicitor.)

We cannot afford discord in the North; differences between small nations are a luxury in an age when Time itself dresses up in a steel helmet.

Foreign Minister of Sweden

The blue police-box is a coarse, clumsy thing drawn up by some journeyman carpenter, and a disgrace to the metropolis.

The Earl of Crawford

Beautiful Berkeley Square is becoming a dreary waste of tawdriness.

President of the London Society

Wireless has shortened the life of a popular tune from a year to a month.

Mr Irving Berlin

Without idealism no nation long can survive.

Mr Rockefeller

Berlin is mentally farther from London than is Tokyo.

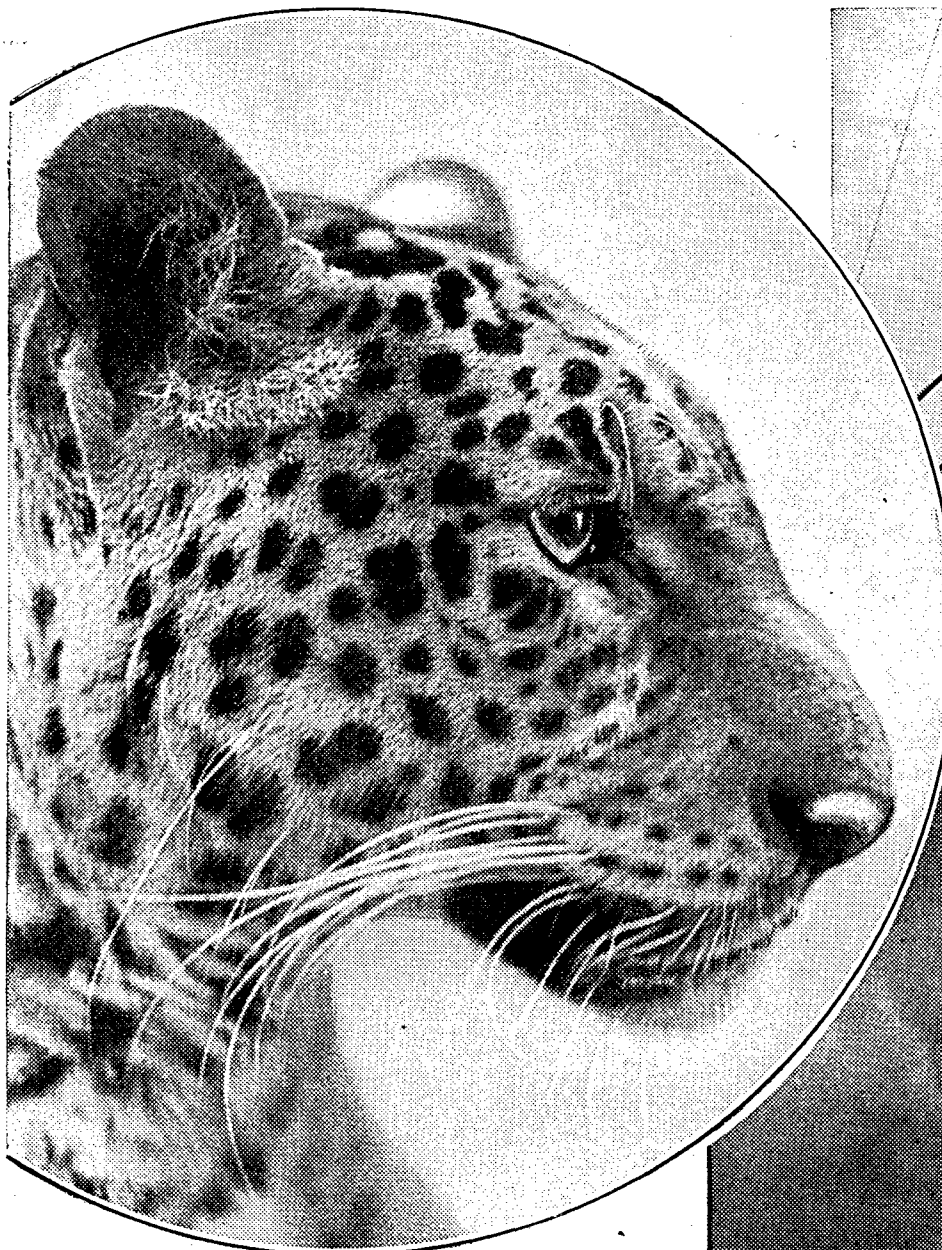
New York Times European representative

THE BROADCASTER

A LEPER colony in Nyasaland has sent 100 to the Lord Baldwin Fund.

BRIDLINGTON has saved Flamborough Head, which was threatened by builders.

Swindon Trade-Signs • Life in Corsica • The Lightship Man



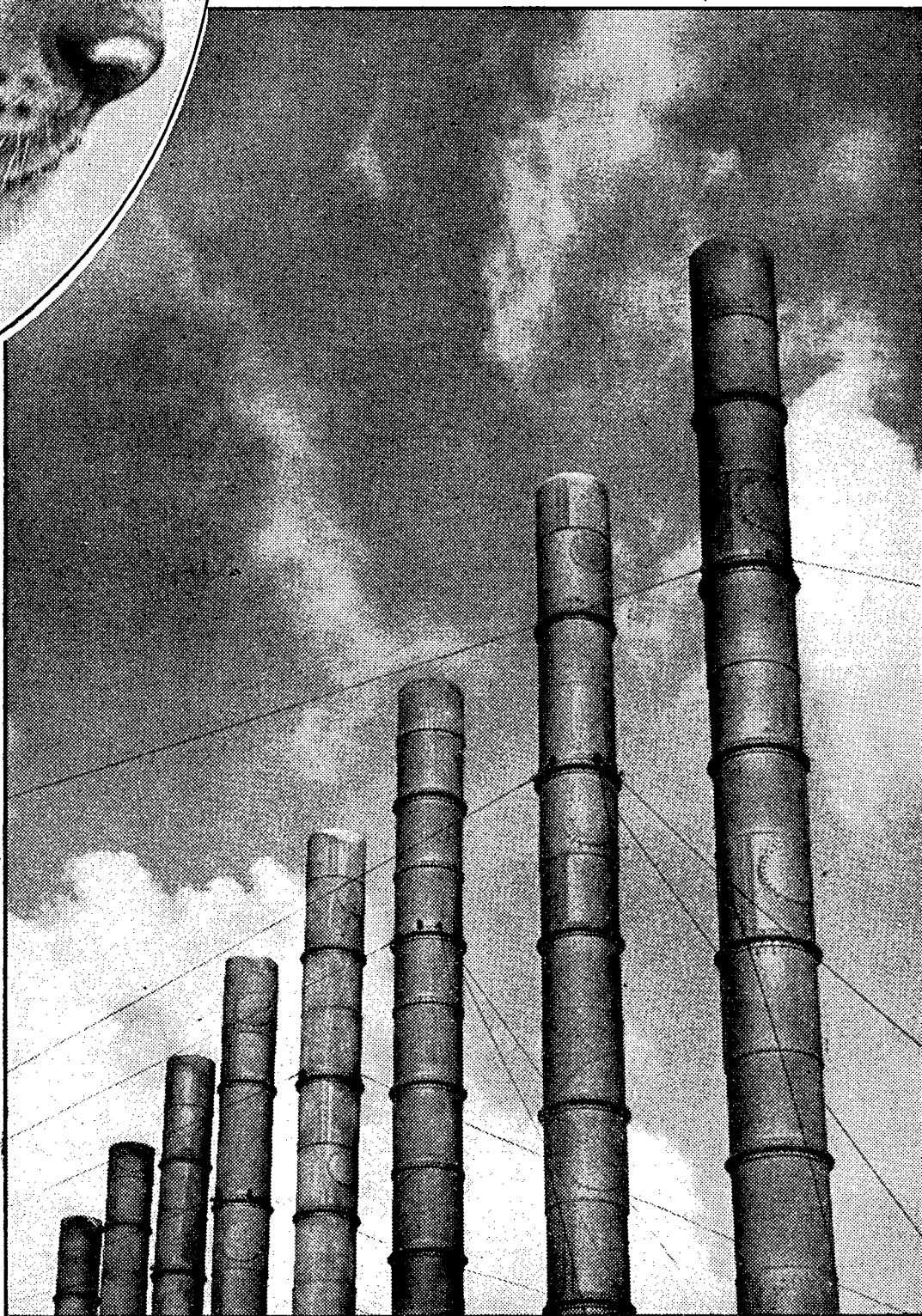
The Big Cat—The fine head of Gipsy, a leopard at the London Zoo



Going to Market—Life proceeds at a leisurely pace in rural Corsica if we may judge from this picture of a peasant woman going to market



Lightship Man—A member of the crew of the East Goodwin Lightship cleaning the beacon



Trade-Signs—This battery of chimney-stacks above the boiler-house of the GWR works at Swindon quite appropriately consists of locomotive boilers, joined end to end

THE SITUATION IN GERMANY

Five Vital Points

One of the heads of the Reichsbank (Dr Brinkmann) in Berlin has shocked the German Government by announcing these five points at a meeting of Nazi officials.

1. The steel output cannot be maintained. Last year's total was 1,900,000 tons and consumption 3,400,000 tons. The difference was paid for by the £60,000,000 seized in Austria, which has now all gone.

2. Cost of production goes up and quality goes down. Prices are four times normal and wages five times. One gun is costing as much as ten used to do, and the quality is worse.

3. The State last year took over half the national income, and capital is disappearing. The Budget was more than £700,000,000 short.

4. The speed of rearmament is destroying efficiency.

5. Foreign labourers have been drawn in to replace labourers who have gone to towns, and 300,000 of these have to be paid in foreign money, of which Germany is very short.

Where the World's Gold Is

After the Great War the payment of war debts to America made an extraordinary change in the distribution of the world's gold.

America, while demanding payment for war goods sold at high war prices, refused by her high tariff to take goods save in small quantities, and as a result gold and stocks poured into America.

By 1930 America came to possess £900,000,000 of gold, and as France had £400,000,000, these two nations owned half of all the gold in the world.

War debts ceased to be paid, for the world could not afford to pay them, and America tacitly agreed not to demand them. She continued, however, to impose such high duties on manufactures that she continued to draw gold in payment for her exports of wheat, cotton, copper, and other foods and materials.

The latest issue of the official US Federal Reserve Bulletin shows that the £900,000,000 of gold held by America in 1930 has now more than trebled. Last December it amounted to nearly £2900,000,000, the greater part of the gold of the entire world.

The Good Work of the Baldwin Fund

With the help of Lord Baldwin's Fund an Austrian Club for 4000 refugees in London has been opened in the heart of Bayswater.

For two days two chefs from Vienna were busy making cakes and pastries in the basement for the opening day when six refugee girls in Tyrolean costume served them to over 100 English people.

Home For 200 Refugee Lads

An old Suffolk mansion, Barham House at Claydon, near Ipswich, once a workhouse, has been acquired by the Movement for the Care of Children from Germany as a hostel for refugee boys. It will house 200 children, most of them transferred from Dovercourt Refugee Camp when it closed last month. The hostel will be used as a clearing-house until the refugees can be found homes.

Although the mansion has not been used as a workhouse for many years it is still known in the locality as Barham Workhouse. It has been empty for four years, and at one period in its history it was also a Government Instructional Centre.

50 Years Hard Labour For London

It was remarkable to visit the Jubilee Exhibition now ending at the County Hall and see what the L C C does for the Londoner.

It begins with the children, who come in on the ground floor. By their works you may see how the half million, infants, boys, and girls, who attend the 1000 elementary schools have learnt their lessons. There is one room, with the pictures the children have drawn hung on the walls and the models they have made laid out on side tables, which fills any visitor with wonder. On one table are hundreds of models made by children of the ships which for 1100 years have come to England.

They begin in the year 800 with the Viking ships in which the Norsemen came to ravage our shores; they continue with those with which Drake and Frobisher met the Armada; they end with the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth, and the Nelson and the Hood.

In other rooms small pupils showed how they can sew and embroider, and are on the way to cut out dresses. The lessons they learn are amplified at the Continuation Schools, attended by another 300,000 of young persons and grown-up people. Here anyone may see these advanced scholars learning to cook, to fashion their own garments, and to make a few yards of cloth go a very long way.

The corridors to the rooms where this groundwork of the education of the citizen is exhibited are adorned with handsome reproductions of the paintings of the Masters, Old and New. In L C C school and lecture rooms they take the place of the antiquated maps and charts which educated no one. These pictures are an education in the beautiful.

From these schemes of education into which the Jubilee Exhibition begins it

proceeds on the first floor to show what it does for those who pay the County Council rate. It cannot exhibit everything. The Parks and Commons and Public Gardens (some of these rather stunted of flowers) are all around us to see, and here can only be displayed in photographs; and the same is true of the Green Belt, Lambeth Bridge, Rotherhithe Tunnel, and the wreck of old Waterloo Bridge. Photographs also (and these are very impressive ones) show what the L C C is trying to do in Smoke Abatement, and why it is so very necessary. These photographs are enough to make any householder think of giving up his coal fire in the open grate.

The Housing Estates are also represented by photograph and diorama. The tremendous main drainage system of London, with 400 miles of main sewers, is shown by map and an ingenious relief model. The hospitals, one of its highest services to the helpless and the needy, are very well illustrated by some hospital wards on a much-reduced scale. The one to which every visitor turns is that where some examples of the new treatment by the Iron Lung are to be seen, and where their working is illustrated. In another room is an oxygen tent side by side with the most modern equipment. It may be said that the L C C hospitals taken as a whole are pressing forward to the attainment of the highest standards of treatment and nursing. They have a long way to go but are pressing hopefully forward.

These are some of the things the L C C has arrived at in the fifty years of its life. A number of the rooms look out on the shining Thames; and on the terrace of the County Hall below are to be found the Council's latest effort—a display of the fire-fighting equipment of the A R P.

The Poor Scholar & His Wonderful Book

SEEING a schoolgirl poring over the volumes of James Macpherson in a bookshop at Tunbridge Wells, a C N reader asked her if she regarded his works as genuine.

She answered that the matter was beyond her, that she loved the Ossian poems for their beauty, and thought of nothing more concerning them. That was but a few weeks ago. Now comes a learned volume by Mr Desmond Ryan suggesting that it was only the attempt to prove these poems false that kept the Irish language alive.

James Macpherson, a poor Scottish scholar, was a poet born into an age when poetry was reduced to mere lifeless formalism; and he broke into wild, sweet music to shatter the spell. He pretended that, partly from the lips of Highlanders, but still more from ancient manuscripts, he had recovered and translated Gaelic poems of the life of Caledonia of the third century, the original work of a Gaelic hero named Ossian.

His pictures of natural scenery and the melodious sadness of his songs were so different from the stiff formalism of the age of Pope that his work was received with rapture at home and translated into many languages abroad, but his statement about his original sources rouse suspicion.

Highland pride made his friends and admirers believe what they wanted to believe, but his critics demanded the production of the manuscripts from which he was said to have worked. These were never forthcoming, but after he had enjoyed twenty years of boundless success he wrote Gaelic versions of what he had written in English, and failed to convince the

learned. He was denounced as a brilliant forger, as Chatterton was.

But while his fame was yet unchallenged he came to London, and when he died he was given a resting-place in Westminster Abbey in reward for his political and literary services.

Now, in writing his poems from legends or imagination he made the third century history of Scotland and Ireland one, but he belittled the part played in Ireland by the native heroes. So, just when Gaelic was on the point of expiring, Irish scholars renewed their study of their ancient language in order to refute what Macpherson had written in his poems, and Gaelic speech and writing took on a new lease of life.

The Ossian poems had high merit as poems. In translations they were the favourite reading of Napoleon, who carried them about during his campaigns, as Alexander carried Homer. They roused the enthusiasm of Goethe, who read his own translation of one of the poems to a woman he loved, the woman on whom he partly modelled the Gretchen of his Faust. The supposition that it was a rendering of poetry 1500 years old bespoke a welcome for it, and, falling under its weird and musical charm, readers and authors, scholars and peasants, accepted it with delight and enthusiasm.

It was all a great deception, yet no forgery, for it was the talent of a modern attributed to the ancients, and it had a great influence. It helped to liberate poetry from its ancient bondage, and to prepare the way for Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and those who came after to improve beyond all recognition on the model they had studied.

OUR GROWING WORLD

The Question Before the Nations

The world's people are still adding to their numbers. An American biologist, Professor Raymond Pearl, has been for some years studying population changes, and his work yields some deeply interesting facts.

The world's population is put at 2105 millions, the land area at about 51,400,000 square miles, or say 41 persons per square mile. The population as a whole has been growing in recent years at about one per cent per annum, which if continued would double the population in 70 years. But it is unlikely so to continue.

The world's people grew very slowly up to the year 1630, when they numbered 445 millions. This means a nearly fivefold multiplication in about 300 years.

Strange Distribution

The distribution of the world's millions raises serious issues which endanger peace. Over 57 per cent of the world's land is occupied by under five per cent of the total population; 81 per cent of the world's land contains only 18 per cent of the world's population. A little over five per cent of the land area contains 52 per cent of its population.

Nine nations have 23 per cent of the world's population; they are themselves living on only 14 per cent of its total land, but control two-thirds of all the land in the world, and the political life of 57 per cent.

If from these nine nations we exclude America and Russia, then seven nations, with just under 11 per cent of the people in the world, live on about one per cent of its land area, and control 42 per cent of all the lands and all the people on the globe.

Such are the world's great problems, from a general point of view. How are they to be solved when each nation insists upon looking at them from the point of view of one nation only?

The Great Man Going Blind

Sympathy and admiration of our London blind have been stirred afresh of late by the courage and skill of both young and old among them.

Not only have the little ones at the National Institute for the Blind been the hosts of the King and Queen, but blind grown-ups have been delighting their friends by playing bridge in public.

These events bring to mind a beautiful picture once seen in the home of Lord Lyndhurst, three times Lord Chancellor, and one of the greatest lawyers of all time. Left a widower in middle life, he married again, and had in course of time a second little family growing up about him.

When well into the seventies he realised that he was doomed to blindness, so he began to learn the Psalms and the Prayer Book. One morning a member of the family entered his room unannounced, to find him seated in his great chair, wearing a very grave expression. Before him, holding open a Prayer Book with both her tiny hands, stood his youngest daughter, aged about seven, hearing him repeat what he had learned, sometimes promptly, sometimes correcting him.

The Fish in the Tree

A woodman cutting down a dead tree on the bank of the Wanaque River in New Jersey found six fish inside it, all alive. He believes the fish were washed into a hollow in the tree during floods last autumn. They could not get out, but there was enough water left to keep them alive.

THE WILL TO WORK

Excavation work is being carried on at Stancill, near Doncaster, by experts who hope to come upon the site of a Roman house; and the curator of the Doncaster Museum has been enlisting men for digging. He was cheered when he received an offer from an unemployed man who showed that he was genuinely interested in archaeology. "I will go out three days a week without remuneration," said the man, "if transport is provided."

He is willing to work to keep fit—one more witness to the fact that there is always a willingness and always a way.

THE WICKED RAILWAYS

We all know that before giving their invention to the world our railway pioneers had to meet fantastic opposition at home. It seems that it was so in America too.

A new book quotes from the annals of the little town of Lancaster, in Ohio, this letter from the School Board to someone who has applied for the use of the school:

You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam He would have clearly foretold it through His holy prophets.

BEETLES BY FLYING-BOAT

The flying-boat Cordelia reached Sydney the other day with 500 small passengers from the Malay States.

They were carab beetles, and made the long journey packed in damp moss. They had their first glimpse of Australia and their first meal of minced meat at the insectary at the Botanic Gardens, where they were honoured visitors until a ship was ready to take them to their new home in Samoa, where their duty will be to make war on flies, on whose larvae they feed.

THE QUEEN AND WENDY

Wendy, aged six, lives in Lancashire, and is only just learning to talk.

Her mother, Mrs Alice Donkin of Preston, has been anxious a long time. It seemed strange that Wendy should grow to be a year old and show no signs of trying to talk. Time after time the mother took Wendy to doctors and clinics, but no one could help her.

Last autumn the Queen visited Preston, and Mrs Donkin was one of the thousands who waved as she went by. That day she wrote a letter to the Queen about Wendy, and within a week she had a letter from Buckingham Palace to say that the case had been put before Sir Stanley Hewett.

As a result of her appeal for help Wendy's mother had to send her to hospital for two months, and now she is to go to Manchester for special training. Professor Ewing declaring that she has every chance of learning to talk.

FLOODLIT PLAYGROUND

A school playground in Sheffield is to be floodlit so that children may play there after dark instead of in the busy streets. Six lamps will be installed at the Manor Estate Council School.

THE UNOFFICIAL AUNT

Manchester was the home of the first Voluntary Unofficial Aunts, an organisation begun in 1930 for helping folk by doing little kindnesses in a really practical way. Mrs Clara Hardy was the originator of the scheme, and since then the idea has spread.

We hear that two new branches of the Unofficial Aunts have been formed recently, one at Woodthorpe in Derbyshire and one in Penzance.

Looking after children while their parents are away from home, taking poor folk to hospital, visiting the sick, and reading to lonely people are some of their duties.

Companions in the Train

WHAT a wonderful world it would be if people would only think more often of helping others less fortunate than themselves!

It is a long and tiresome train journey between Scotland and England, and most people try to make it shorter by fitting in as many meals as possible. Some Scottish travellers on their way to London not long ago could not help noticing the fact that each time the waiter popped his head round the door of their compartment to ask if anyone wanted refreshments two of the occupants, a man and a woman, seemed rather embarrassed. After a while, when

everyone began to chat, the couple said they were on their way south to look for work, as the man had lost the job he had held for 20 years in Glasgow.

Their kind travelling companions quietly decided to make a little collection for them, and as the train reached its journey's end one of the passengers slipped the money into the woman's hat, which lay on the seat beside her. When the woman went to put it on she could not think how the money had got there, and of course everyone expressed complete ignorance, and went away feeling glad that the surprised couple could now have a good meal.

FIFTY GALLANT MEN

Fifty unemployed men in Chicago are as happy as can be, for the organisation they founded for making doormats is now self-supporting.

These fifty men are blind. They started their group with a capital of £2 which they collected among themselves. At first they could only afford to buy enough material for two mats, but these they sold and made four more, and soon they made a dozen. So their production increased by leaps and bounds, until today they make 25 mats a day.

The aim of this little group is to make every member self-supporting, so that after the expenses are paid the proceeds are pooled and distributed equally. Thus these men have made steady jobs for themselves, and have regained what every man values as his most priceless possession, self-respect.

THE CHINESE AND THEIR ALPHABET

Efforts are being made to Latinise the Chinese language, with an alphabet of 28 characters from which the letters H, V, and Q have been omitted as not required by the Chinese language. Other alphabet sounds have been added to the remaining 23 letters, however. These sounds are CH, NG, RH, SH, and ZH.

It is claimed that this new alphabet can be learnt in three weeks, and would serve to replace the 23,265 characters now used in standard Chinese.

THE STOLEN HOUSE

We hear this little story from the village of Kowalowa, near Warsaw, where a woman who lived in a wooden house went away for a holiday. When she returned she found that her house had been taken to pieces and removed along with all its contents. All that remained was the debris in a much-trampled garden.

ROOF MAIL

A farmer along the St Lawrence River wondered what the world was coming to the other day when his mail was delivered through his roof.

It happens that the flying postman drops bags of mail in a number of isolated Quebec villages, and the heavy bag had been caught by a wind and carried away from the point where it is generally picked up, landing instead on top of the astonished farmer.

A MANCHESTER BOOK

Manchester's Education Department has produced an excellent booklet designed to interest schoolchildren: The Inland Port of Manchester; its Ships and Their Cargoes.

It tells all about the strange cargoes ships bring to Manchester, the difference between a coastal collier, an ocean tanker, a twin-screw tug, a paddle tug, a timber pontoon, and a barge. It tells how the canal was built, who built it, and strange adventures during its construction. To increase the children's interest 50 schools are each to adopt a ship using the Ship Canal, through the Ship Adoption Society.

UNCLE SAM IN JOHN BULL'S SHOP

America sells much to Britain, but does not buy much from us.

This is one of the worst features of our external trade account. The President of the Associated British Chamber of Commerce pointed out at a recent conference that last year America sold to us £114,000,000 worth of goods but bought from us only £31,000,000 worth.

So far as purely British goods are concerned, America buys from us only £1 worth for every £3 worth she sells to us. That is to say, Uncle Sam is a rather small customer in John Bull's shop.

A RARE BIRD

Derbyshire shepherds watching their flocks on the moors overlooking the Derwent Valley noticed not long ago a bird they imagined to be either a golden eagle, which has not been seen in this district for over 20 years, or a white-tailed eagle, which has not bred in the British Isles for 25 years.

What the shepherds saw was so important that professors from various parts of the country are now in the Derwent Valley watching for the visitor.

Keepers have found traces of freshly killed hares, on which the white-tailed eagle, like the golden eagle, chiefly lives. The lonely moors, crags, and spurs of gritstone of this mountainous part of Derbyshire are ideal for such birds.

IN HONOUR OF THE HORSES

It is nearly a year since we told about the two live horses who were present at the first memorial service ever held for horses in a Shanghai suburb.

It was in honour of the Japanese horses killed in China, and was attended by officers, soldiers, and civilians. The manes of the horses were preserved, and when the fighting is over they will be given to their former masters.

It is not unusual for services of this kind to be held in Japan, where brave animals are often remembered and feasted. Not long ago thousands of Australian horses, or horses bred from Australian stock, which have been killed as Japanese army mounts, were honoured by services in 70,000 Buddhist temples throughout the Japanese Empire, where, while bells tolled all day, 180,000 priests recited the Emperor Meiji's poem to the souls of horses slain in battle.

THE SPIDER AND THE SNAKE

Come into my parlour, said the spider to the fly; but a spider in Roma, Queensland, was more ambitious, for its prey was a snake a foot long!

The spider was one of the dreaded variety with a red stripe running down its back, and somehow or other it cunningly tied a young black snake's head to its tail with countless thick silk threads so tightly that the snake could not move! Then the spider bit it in several places with its poisonous venom and spun a still stronger web until the snake looked like a monster cocoon. The snake was still alive when found.

THREE MILLION RIDES A DAY

Despite the multiplication of other means of travel, our railways still account for three million journeys a day. The train seats if filled all at once would accommodate 2,500,000 people.

The train journeys made in 1938 numbered 1158 millions; the number of parcels forwarded were 90 millions; the tons of merchandise carried were 254 millions.

The public paid the railways for various services no less than £159,700,000, but £133,000,000 of this was paid out in expenses, so that the net profit was £25,900,000, this returning only a small percentage on the gigantic capitals.

Of more interest to the public is safety. Last year the risk of being killed on British railways was only one in each 232,000,000 passenger journeys.

MOZART'S HOUSE

One day in 1764 a little boy then living in London was running about the house making a great noise. Someone told him to be less noisy, and at last he stole into a room where he sat very quiet. He did not make a sound. But he was not idle, and the result of his labours was a symphony.

The boy was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and he composed his first symphony at this house in Ebury Street in London. A few days ago a plaque was put up on the house (now 180 to 182) in which the little musician turned his silence into music. The Mozarts landed in England in 1763, lodging in St Martin's Lane, and moving later to what is now Ebury Street.



FISHERMEN OF GALWAY

Off to the fishing grounds with their lobster pots

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 8

1939

Give Them a Chance

ALL unemployment is bad, but the case of unemployed youth continues to be particularly shameful.

It is sorrowful enough that a miner should be idle in winter when so many homes cannot afford to buy coal, but it is terrible when we find in those dark districts, where coal has been dethroned, great numbers of boys and youths being schooled in idleness.

Boys thus trained in idleness become useless to themselves. They are ruined lives, only to be rescued with grave difficulty.

To our mind the remedy is twofold, first in school training to make citizens fit for work, second in organisation to accomplish the thousand worthy objects waiting to be done.

Fill up the gaps in defence, it is demanded everywhere. That is not enough to cure unemployment, for defence plans have a tendency while creating defence work to destroy other work. Let us also fill up the gaps in economic work, and give youth everywhere its chance.

The Sign of the Slave

THE Italian poet Gabriele d'Annunzio, who died last year, is regarded as the inventor of the Roman Salute which has been adopted by Fascists and Nazis alike; but this salute, says Count Carlo Sforza, was copied from some statue or fresco. The count adds that Roman citizens greeted each other by shaking hands, and *only slaves made the sign adopted by the subjects of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini.*

The Nelson Touch

WE were glad to see the other day that a little tale of Nelson was told in Parliament. He was 21, a young captain, and was writing home from the West Indies to ask a friend in the Admiralty to find something to do for an old servant; and he added:

My interest at home, you know, is next to nothing, the name of Nelson being little known. It may be different one of these days—a good chance only is wanting to make it so.

The good chance came, and the Dictator of Europe was swept from the seas.

Immortality

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S umbrella is 14, but Tennyson's boots were 40.

The cloak the poet wore in his latter years never seemed any worse for wear; and we remember that when William Allingham and Robert Browning were dining with him they were interested in the hints he gave them for preserving boots. "Look at these," said Tennyson. "I have worn them for forty years."

William Allingham examined them, and remarked that they seemed in wonderful condition, affording evidence of the immortality of the sole.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Jew

THERE is a little hillside town in Galilee named Nazareth. The white houses are square, made of burnt clay, and stand in terraces, surrounded by olives, palms, vines, and fig-trees.

In Nazareth there lived a Jewish carpenter named Joseph. Although he was poor he could trace his descent from David, the king. He loved his wife and his children. The eldest son was Jesus.

Jesus loved to go with his father on his journeys, helping him at his work. On those journeys the little boy noticed the labour of men sowing and reaping, tares growing with corn, the wild flowers, the dove cooing on the house-top, the hen gathering her chickens under her wings, the fox going to its hole in the earth, and the cunning of the serpent under the trees. Also he noticed that a stone rejected by builders often became the most useful stone in the house before the building was finished.

When his father died Jesus worked for his mother while his younger brothers and sisters grew up in the home, but when the brothers were old enough to earn their daily bread Jesus went away and lived by himself. He began to preach on the green hills in Galilee or at the side of the lake. His teaching was so strange and wonderful that people flocked to hear him. He said that God was not an angry Judge, but a loving Father. He said that it was better to be poor than rich, better to be meek than proud, far better to be gentle than strong. He said that no man who merely loved the world and sought riches could understand the joy of loving God. He cured people of sickness and pain. He made unhappy people glad and restful. He was always seeking to make people happy.

Many poor people heard Jesus and loved him. He had twelve

friends whom he called disciples, and they went about with him on all his journeys. To these men Jesus said that God had sent him into the world to save the world. He called himself the Light of the World.

It seemed strange to the disciples that a poor peasant in Galilee should be called the Light of the World; but they loved and followed him, not quite knowing what great work he meant to do. Then the priests, thinking Jesus would do harm to their religion, had him arrested, and he was condemned to die. At that terrible moment Jesus was alone. All his disciples forsook him and fled. The Roman soldiers nailed him to a cross on Calvary, and he passed away with a cry of pain on his lips.

He was quite young when he died; he had preached for only three years; it seemed that all was over and that his name would be quite forgotten.

But his spirit appeared to the disciples, and they saw at last what Jesus had been gently teaching them when they walked with him.

Then this little band began to preach about Jesus. They had fled when he was arrested, but now they met together and preached the message of his sinless life. The proud Romans hated them, but they increased in numbers, and then the Romans flung them to the lions. They died calling on the name of Jesus.

Still the story was spread abroad in the world. Men loved to hear the record of that gentle life. Nothing could prevent its triumph.

Soon the belief in the old gods of the Romans fell into decay. The followers of Jesus came out of their holes in the ground. The people let them live. At last an emperor became a follower of Jesus, and the Cross was raised on the ruins of the Roman Eagle. The Jew had conquered.

Between the Dark and the Daylight

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupations that is known as the Children's Hour. I hear in the chamber above me the patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened, and voices soft and sweet.

FROM my study I see in the lamplight, descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence; yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together to take me by surprise.

A SUDDEN rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the hall! By three doors left unguarded they enter my castle wall! They climb up into my turret o'er the arms and back of my chair; If I try to escape they surround me; they seem to be everywhere.

THEY almost devour me with kisses, their arms about me entwine, Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-tower on the Rhine! Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti, because you have scaled the wall Such an old moustache as I am is not a match for you all?

I HAVE you fast in my fortress, and will not let you depart, But put you down into the dungeon in the round-tower of my heart. And there will I keep you for ever, yes, for ever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin and moulder in dust away. Longfellow

What a Lumen Is

A NORTH of England town council was discussing the cost of gas and electric street lighting, and someone suggested they took expert advice.

They called in a lighting expert, who told them that the amount of light to be provided is measured in terms of lumens.

"What is a lumen?" asked a very innocent councillor (as innocent as ourselves). This is what the council was told:

The lumen is the unit of light flux, and is the flux emitted per unit solid angle by a source of uniform unit intensity. It is the light flux intercepted by each square foot of surface of a sphere of one foot radius concentric with the source.

What do you think of that, dear reader of the C N?

Laugh on Today

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you All life is joyous yet; Your hearts have all things to pursue And nothing to regret; And every flower to you is fair, And every month is May; You've not been introduced to Care. Laugh on, laugh on, today!

W. M. Praed

JUST AN IDEA

There are often times when we want help and cannot find it, but there is no time when we cannot give help to others.

Under the Editor's Table

A BUSINESS man says the only part of a paper he reads is the financial news. Finds it full of interest.

THE Noise Abatement Society is working on a new scheme. And trying to keep it quiet.

THE B B C is going to adopt a foal. To entertain the kids?

BALLOON material can be used for making dresses. But mightn't the price go up?

THE domestic servant is always in the news. But not always in the same place.

AN art master insists that his pupils should never rub out a line. He rubs it in.

THERE is only one herd of wild cattle left in Britain. But plenty of wild farmers.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the army is up in arms

THIS OUGHT NOT TO BE TRUE

Terrible Conditions in Wales

The country has been shocked by the revelations of the Ministry of Health inquiry into tuberculosis in Wales.

Underfed and badly-housed people readily fall victims to the dread disease. Wales has been plunged into dire poverty by many untoward circumstances, not the least of them being the loss of the greater part of the coal export trade. Wales has the finest steam coal in the world, but it is not in demand, even by warships.

Local authorities are blamed for not doing their duty. No doubt many of them are hampered by inability to meet high rates, and thus poverty multiplies itself.

When we read of ten people living in two small rooms we wonder why the slum clearance schemes have not operated. Local councils must be much to blame when they have not availed themselves of the powers and generous money assistance actually offered by Parliament.

Neglected Gardens

It is pathetic to read of women toiling in houses only fit for instant demolition. Tribute is paid by the report to the devotion of housewives doing their best in impossible circumstances.

Not less sad it is to read of poor people neglecting their gardens and wasting money on expensive tinned food. The report speaks of disuse of the country labourer's vegetable garden, the staple food now being bread and butter or margarine, with or without jam, with tea, supplemented by prepared foods of various kinds, and practically no green vegetables. "Too little use is made of eggs; great use is made of the tin-opener; tinned food, though unobjectionable on grounds of quality, is expensive."

Too little milk is referred to as one of the most serious defects in the diet of the average household in Wales as a whole.

We fear it is still true that the war we need, the war that every country needs, is *the war against poverty*.

The Merciful Judge

Not many people live to see their own memorial, but Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., who has lately passed away, aged 88, saw the Robert Wallace Probation Trust founded.

Admirers of his work raised a fund whose income was to be used to set sinners on the right road. Who could wish for a better memorial? What could be a greater tribute to the man himself?

Robert Wallace was nicknamed the Merciful Judge because he was a pioneer of the system of probation. He was one of the first people to say that regular criminals are nearly always made by sending a young person to prison for a first offence. That is a commonplace idea to us now; it was a new one when Wallace began his work.

Wallace, born in an Irish parsonage, was Chairman of the London Sessions from 1907 to 1931. In all that time he never sentenced anyone to be flogged. He did not believe in short sentences; it was his aim to keep people out of prison and set them on the right path through a probation officer whenever possible, or else to impose an adequate sentence. Many people thought him too lenient, but hundreds were thankful to him for saving their lives from shipwreck, and that number will increase as the years roll on. The Robert Wallace Probation Trust will help probation officers to set deserving offenders on their feet long after the Merciful Judge himself became silent.

Mexico and Its President

A Mexico correspondent writes to us about the information we gave concerning President Cardenas and his close personal interest in the lives of his people.

PRESIDENT Cardenas has done very much to better the lot of Mexico's workmen and peasants, says our correspondent, but as he is more of a humanitarian than an economist the result has been that in securing higher wages and other material benefits for the workmen the cost of living has risen so high that these workmen are now worse off in many respects than they were before.

Furthermore, giving such an extreme backing to the workmen as against capital has made them prejudiced and extremely unfair towards all private capital. This has been the cause of hundreds of strikes every year all over the country, many of them unreasonable and absurd. Scores of them have been so-called sympathetic strikes in which the workers of other industries in no way involved have gone on strike by way of encouraging the other workers

and expressing hostility to capital. Again, there have been plenty of strikes caused by quarrels between groups of workers in the same industry but belonging to different unions, the owners being perfectly innocent of any injustice. In all these cases wages have been exacted from the owners during the whole time the strikes have lasted.

But it is the unfortunate public which has suffered most of the dire consequences. The people whom Cardenas supports, backs, and pampers are the workers and landless peasants, and these are not the majority but a minority of the Mexican people.

Large-hearted though President Cardenas is towards a minority of the Mexican people, his policy has been so short-sighted that the country and most of its people are today far worse off than when he came into office.

This is something readers of the CN should also be told (our correspondent adds) if they wish to know both sides of the question.

The Queer Fish and the Monkey Puzzle

THE capture of a fish of a type supposed to have been extinct 50 million years brings the story that another Angler saw a similar fish cast up on the South African coast five years ago.

Where two such fish dwelt there must be more, and we may be opening a new chapter of natural history. There are more of these vestiges, these living fossils as they are called, than we commonly remember, and this new-old fish is another addition to a growing list of thrilling marvels.

Our Zoo has more than once had a lizard-like reptile which is really farther removed from modern lizards than lizards are from snakes. It is the tuatera of New Zealand, an ancient creature two feet long whose ancestors have to be sought in the rocks of which they form part. It has the remains of a third eye on the top of its head, and although it is a land animal it can lie at the bottom of a pool for hours without breathing.

To find similar survivals from awe-inspiring antiquity we must go to the insects, of which some of our modern cockroaches and their near kindred undoubtedly trace back, almost

unchanged, to the ages in which coal was being formed.

But we find our most ancient links with the past in vegetation. When we see a monkey-puzzle tree we remember that it is thought the defence was provided against giant reptiles which could stand upright on their haunches and crop the crown of high trees. But the monkey puzzle is so old that there is little doubt that the tree and its relatives are part of the jet for which Whithy has so long been famous. It can be traced back to rocks formed before ever a backbone animal existed. It lived in marsh and water, and water carried its pollen for the fertilisation of its flowers. How it survived where tens of thousands of other growths succumbed is a mystery. It seems to have been everywhere, in every continent and country, and even up in islands now within the Arctic Circle.

Yet when first discovered by European botanists it lived only as a cultivated tree in a few Chinese temples. From there it has spread far and near, and many a sheltered English garden has this descendant of trees that flourished ages before the coming of man.

The Magic Coach in the Electric Age

CINDERELLA's coach has been lit with electric glow-lamps almost since the dawn of electric lighting, whereas the Lord Mayor, no matter how murky the day, has always ridden about in his marvellous coach unlighted, as it was on the day it was made, 182 years ago.

Those were days when neither paraffin nor even wax candles were available for lighting, so that if the day of the show was foggy linkmen with torches had to light the way. Now, however, his lordship has followed the lead of Cinderella and put electric lamps into his gorgeous coach, not that he may see his path, but so that he may be seen by people in the streets.

When Dick Whittington rides in a lordly coach in the pantomime his, too, is lit up in this way; but not only were there no such lights in his day, there were not even coaches. England had no coaches before 1555, at which time there were only three in luxurious France. People either rode horseback or in litters, unless they were poor, when a wagon had to suffice.

Mary Tudor was the first English Queen to have a coach; Queen Elizabeth received hers as a gift from Holland. She introduced sliding panels to enable her to see and be seen, for glass windows were not used until a coach was built in 1631 for the Infanta of Spain, whom Charles Stuart went in vain to woo

Charles as king resented what he considered the liberty his subjects in London took by riding in their own coaches, and issued a proclamation forbidding them to do so unless they each kept constantly four horses "sufficient for the king's service."

The City Corporation petitioned against this, pointing out that the petitioners were "aged men in public places, as magistrates of the City, and often required to attend his Majesty's service"; but it took two years to get the restriction removed and an instruction issued to the Crown officers not to proceed against coach-riders "in the Star Chamber or elsewhere."

Rubber Gloves for Ships

One of the difficulties shipbuilders have long been faced with is the corrosion of propellers.

Salt water and friction are the causes of propeller blades becoming dented in a short time, and a very little corrosion along the edges is enough to reduce speed.

Many attempts have been made to prevent this corrosion. Stainless steel tips have been riveted to the blades, but it seems that a coating of rubber is best. Rubber gloves decrease the rate of corrosion, and an experiment recently carried out in the Fairwater, a vessel of 7000 tons, is promising to be successful.

A WOODEN SHIP FOR THE SEVEN SEAS

Remarkable Vessel Launched This Week

A new wooden ship is preparing to set sail for the Seven Seas, to find out more about the movements of the mariner's compass. It is being launched this week at Dartmouth.

The mariner's compass guided the ships that sailed the China seas a thousand years before the age of steam, but the search for the variations in the deflections of the compass needle still goes on. The new Admiralty ship Research is to carry on researches begun by the U.S.A. more than 20 years ago.

These researches were carried on by the ship Carnegie, so named because the Carnegie Institute at Washington paid for the ship and the work; but before the work was done the Carnegie blew up in Samoa Harbour ten years ago, and much of the result of her labours was lost. They are to be taken up by the Admiralty, and, with the help of the Carnegie Institute's information, carried on by the Research for a year.

Affected By Land Masses

Starting in October, she will call at New York and at South American ports before examining the South Atlantic between Tristan da Cunha and Cape-town for variations in the pointing of the compass needle. Then she will go on to examine in the same way the Indian Ocean, going south as far as Perth in Australia and returning to Durban in South Africa next year.

The purpose of her inquiries may be summed up by saying that the compass needle rarely points for long due north and south. The north and south magnetic poles are not situated at the earth's poles, and the needle is often deflected in the neighbourhood of land masses. It is to map these deflections for those who go down to the sea in ships that the voyage is undertaken and the ship built.

So that the deflections may be measured with the highest possible accuracy the Research has been built of wood, and the iron and steel in her construction, which might attract the needle, is reduced to the smallest possible quantity. As she is to steam as well as sail she must have some metal in her Diesel engines. Its weight, in the engines, is 300 tons, but the greater part is bronze alloy or non-magnetic steel. The amount of iron or steel actually in engines and dynamos is 700 lbs, or only one-thousandth of the metal used.

A Bearded Crew

There is no other magnetic metal. The ship's hull is of teak, of which 10,000 cubic feet has been used. The mainmasts and bowsprit are of pine. The ship's rivets are of bronze, and so are the framework, the propeller, the winches, anchor, cables, and standing rigging. The freshwater tanks and the baths are of teak, the cooking stoves of bronze, pots and pans of aluminium. Food will be packed in cartons or glass bottles.

Such care has been taken to prevent any disturbing iron or steel to conceal itself on board that squads of men have been employed to sweep up the smallest fragments accidentally dropped during construction, and any iron rust in the planking has been scraped away.

The officers and crew may not use steel knives or have metal buttons on their clothing. Even paper-clips must be of brass, and a search was made for a substitute for steel razor blades.

It was not successful, but we can well believe that rather than have any mistakes in the observations the responsible officials would grow beards.

The 770-ton ship is to be commanded by Lieutenant-Commander D. H. Fryer, and besides correcting the compass will make investigations in sea temperature, ocean plankton, and upper air soundings.

As High as Ten Niagaras



George the Sixth Fall, recently discovered in British Guiana by the American explorer Dr Paul Zahl. It is formed by the waters of the Uitshi River plunging over a cliff 1600 feet high.

The Upstart Who Would of the Days of the I

It is good now to read of days like ours in history, and this is the right time for turning to Thomas Hardy's great drama *The Dynasts*, which, in 135 scenes with 300 speaking characters, gives us a picture of the doom of the great Dictator of Europe, who, beginning as a deliverer of oppressed peoples, became the curse of the Continent and ended as the most tragic failure in the history of mankind. *The Dynasts* is published by Macmillan.

THE scope of the poem is tremendous. It brings into view all Europe: the rulers and the ruled, kings, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, grandees, and simple peasantry, as they are affected by Napoleon's restless, self-seeking spirit. The temperamental pessimism that overclouds Hardy's impressive novels strives in his poem to discount the highest intuitions of the human race, from the Over-World he has imagined; but this does not happen without some small protests in favour of a more hopeful and saner view.

The first part of the Epic pictures the duel between William Pitt and Napoleon, while Pitt unites as allies a succession of Powers to resist the domination of the Conqueror. The drama begins when Napoleon, firmly seated on the throne of France, masses an army at Boulogne for the conquest of England.

The first scene places us on a Dorset heath where British soldiers are marching by, singing a careless song of "Boneyparty," whom they expect to be meeting soon on their own side of the Channel. The travellers in a passing stage-coach start a lively quarrel over the treatment Napoleon has received from the English king, who has handed a personal letter to Pitt for an answer; but the one champion of Napoleon instantly deserts him when a galloping messenger stops to give the news that invasion is really at hand, and that the Emperor has said he would date his next dispatch from London.

In the old House of Parliament at Westminster, where we become spectators of the next scene, party squabbling goes on apace, though the country is in the face of danger.

In a later scene we hear the gossip of fashionable Society, when the Spirit of Rumour circulates the agitating news of further ambition on the part of Napoleon, who has temporarily left Boulogne for Milan, where he is about to place on his own head "the iron crown of Lombardy."

Pitt, weakened by illness, and harassed by responsibility for plans to counter the Emperor, now thinks the Government of England might be strengthened by a Parliamentary coalition that will include Opposition leaders, and he goes down to Weymouth to persuade the obdurate old king, George the Third, that into the Cabinet should be brought

Those brilliant intellects on the other side That stand by Fox.

But the stupid king will not hear of it, and Pitt returns to London to bear his heavy burden alone.

The French and Spanish fleets, headed off from the Channel, have now hidden themselves in Cadiz, and Nelson patrols the neighbouring sea. So Napoleon, seeing his invasion of

England to be impossible, sets out on his raid across Europe. The united fleets, hoping to slip round to Toulon, leave Cadiz, but Nelson sights them, bears down on them, and off Cape Trafalgar wins the final battle that leaves England mistress of the seas.

The whole battle is finely pictured, but the scene on the Victory below deck when Nelson dies must serve to show the delicacy of the poet's touch. Nelson, as he lies dying, notices the silence of his friend Hardy, and asks what he is thinking.

HARDY. Thoughts all confused, my lord: their needs on deck, Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past; Mixed up with flashes of old things afar— Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,

In the snug village under Blackdon Hill Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden, The placid look of the grey dial there, And the red apples on my father's trees, Just now full ripe.

NELSON. Ay, thus do little things Steal into my mind, too.

Nelson dies; he has "homesteaded to where there's no more sea," and the next scene shows Napoleon facing the Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz in Moravia. He has received the news of Trafalgar, but conceals it from his troops, wins the battle, and then makes peace on the condition that all English trade shall be excluded from Europe.

We are shown Pitt again when he hears of this overthrow of all his plans:

Is there a map of Europe handy here? O God, that I should live to see this day! Defeated—the Allies—quite overthrown At Austerlitz—last week—where's Austerlitz?

But what avails it where the place is now? Roll up the map. 'Twill not be needed now These ten years.

The disappointment is a death-blow to Pitt, of whom we have a final glimpse in the last scene of Part I of the Epic, dying with the words:

My country! How I leave my country!

And so the first act is ended with the demi-god apparently victorious.

THE second part of the Epic depicts Napoleon at the height of his power, sufficiently master on the Continent to decree:

All England's ports to suffer strict blockade; All traffic with that land to cease forthwith.

In a finely pictured friendly interview with the Tsar Alexander, the great Schemer suggests that they shall partition the Turkish Empire between them, and then

conjointly rule the world To its own gain, and our eternal fame.

The scene changes to Spain, and we are introduced into the inner circle of the vicious Court of that country, and watch the succession of events that enabled Napoleon, by a supreme act of treachery, to kidnap the royal

Conquer Europe—Thomas Hardy's Great Drama Dynasts and the Most Tragic Failure in History

family, and extort from them the succession to the throne for his brother.

The whole panorama of the Peninsular War passes before the reader's eye, and the principal characters that figured in its desperate scenes. Wellington, the ever-victorious, is introduced at Vimero. We follow the retreat to Corunna, the battle, and Sir John Moore's death. We follow the falling fortunes of the French invaders at Talavera, the defence of Torres Vedras, and the shambles of Albuera. What could be more stirring than this picture of Albuera?

They come, beset by riddling hail;
They sway like sedges in a gale;
They fail, and win, and win, and fail.
Albuera!

They gain the ground there, yard by yard,
Their brows and hair and lashes charred;
Their blackened teeth set firm and hard.

Out of six thousand souls that swore
To hold the mount, or pass elsewhere,
But eighteen hundred muster there.

Pale colonels, captains, ranksmen lie,
Facing the earth or facing sky;
They strove to live, they stretch to die.

Now Napoleon gets rid of Josephine and takes another wife, the Austrian Archduchess Marie Louise, and the second part of the Epic closes with France in great excitement over the birth of a son to the Emperor, who, however, has his joy sullied by the ruin of many French commercial firms through the ban on English trade, and by the bad news of the retreat of Masséna in Spain before Wellington.

O well, no matter.
Why should I linger on these haps of war
Now that I have a son?

is his final comment; but the news is the beginning of the writing on the wall by the hand of Ruin.

THE third part of *The Dynasts* traces the decline and fall of the most amazing man of the modern world. The friendship with the Russian Tsar, weakened by the failure of the scheme for marriage with his sister, melts away. Ill-feeling takes its place, and with Napoleon ill-feeling means war. He prepares for war on a gigantic scale as a step toward the realisation of his ambition in the East.

NAPOLEON. This long journey now just set a-trip

Is my choice way to India; and tis there
That I shall next bombard the British rule.
With Moscow taken, Russia prone and crushed,
To attain the Ganges is simplicity.

Vast, it is true,
An Eastern scheme so planned, but I could work it.

Man has, worse fortune, but scant years for war;
I am good for another five.

And so he sets out with his Grand Army of half a million men toward Russia, but with the disquieting news of Wellington's victory at Salamanca ringing in his ears.

Then follow the deadly fighting of the advance to Moscow, often bordering on defeat; the burning of the city by the Russians so that it cannot be a winter refuge; and the horrors of the retreat, from which, at last, the foiled Schemer slips away.

We have a graphic picture of the great retreat, and we hear one of

these miserable soldiers singing this mad song:

Ha, for the snow and hoar!

Ho, for our fortune's made!

We can shape our bed without sheets to spread,

And our graves without a spade.

We meet the Deserter again in a dramatic hour, knocking by night at the door of his wife's room:

NAPOLEON (without). Hola! Pray let me in! Unlock the door!

LADY-IN-WAITING. Heaven's mercy on us! What man may it be
At such an hour as this?

Ridiculous? Can it be so, dear, to—
Their mothers, say?

NAPOLEON. You scarcely understand . . .
What do they know about all this in Paris?

MARIE LOUISE. I cannot say. Black rumours fly and croak

Like ravens through the streets . . .

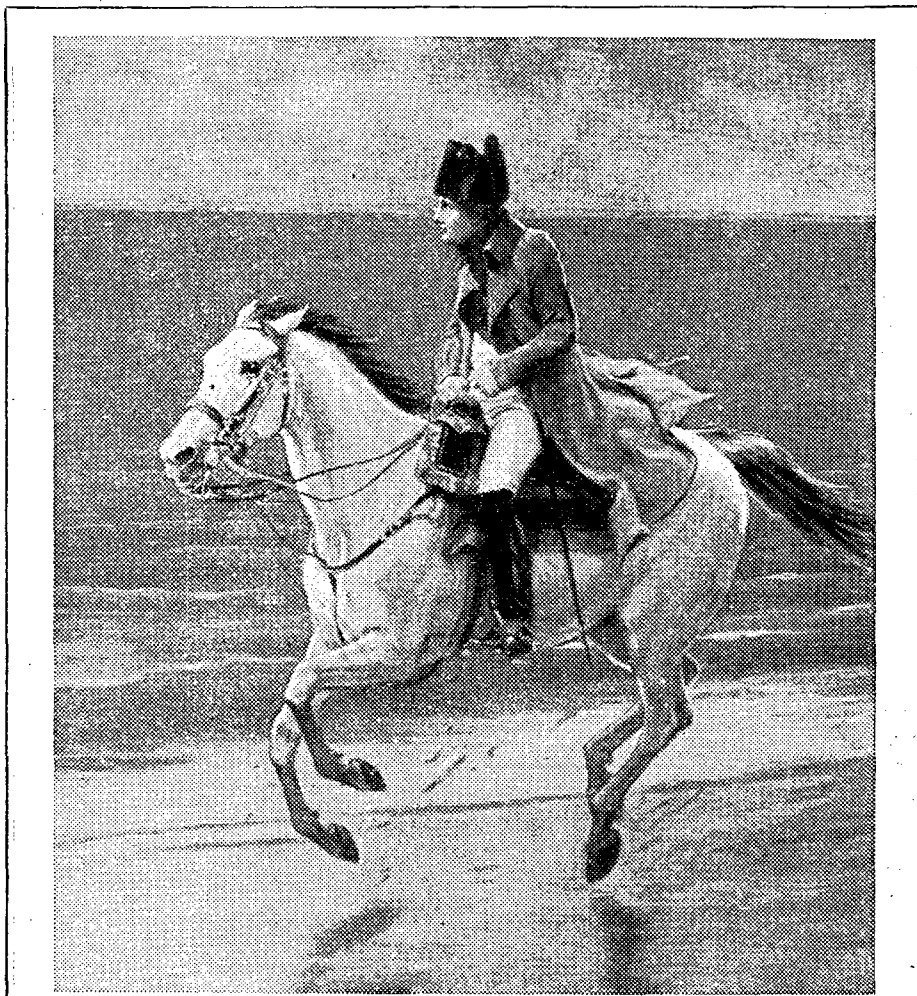
Marmont's defeat at Salamanca field
Ploughed deep into men's brows. The cafés say

Your troops must clear from Spain.

NAPOLEON. We'll see to that!

I'll find a way to do a better thing;

Though I must have another army first—
Three hundred thousand quite. . . And I intend,



The man who left his Grand Army to perish. Copyright B.P.C.

MARIE LOUISE. It is he!
(Napoleon enters in the shabbiest and muddiest attire. The Empress is agitated.)

MARIE LOUISE. I scarce believe
What my sight tells me! Home, and in such sad garb!

NAPOLEON. I have had great work in getting in, my dear!

They failed to recognise me at the gates.

Ha! It is much more comfortable here

Than on the Russian plains!

MARIE LOUISE. And where is the Grand Army?

NAPOLEON. Oh, that's gone.

MARIE LOUISE. Gone? But—gone where?

NAPOLEON. Gone all to nothing, dear.

MARIE LOUISE. But some six hundred thousand I saw pass

Through Dresden. Russia-wards?

NAPOLEON. Well, those men lie—

Or most of them—in layers of bleaching bones

Twixt here and Moscow. . . . I have been subdued;

But by the elements; and them alone.

Not Russia, but God's sky has conquered me!

MARIE LOUISE. But those six hundred thousand throbbing throats

That cheered me deaf at Dresden, marching east

So full of youth and spirits—all bleached bones—

Also, to gild the dome of the Invalides

In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.

MARIE LOUISE. To gild the dome, dear?

Why?

NAPOLEON. To give them something

To think about. They'll take to it like children,

And argue in the cafés, right and left,

On its artistic points. So they'll forget

The woes of Moscow.

On the heels of this scene comes

the crushing defeat of the remnants

of the Emperor's army at Leipzig,

and presently his abdication.

It is Ney who brings to Napoleon

the news that the Allies will not

accept this, but insist on renunciation

of the crown by him and his heirs:

Sire, things like revolutions turn not back,
But go straight on. Imperial governance

Is confined for your family and yourself!

Marie Louise makes an undignified

exit to Vienna with her son, and after-

wards sides with the Allies; Napoleon

is conducted to his exile on Elba amid

popular execrations. He escapes, and

at Waterloo we see the battle from

every point of view. We see it from

alongside Wellington and from along-

side Napoleon; in the rear, where the soldiers' wives tend the wounded, and the timid begin to make their way toward Brussels in anticipated defeat. We feel the growing tension at the height of the battle. The messenger comes riding up to Napoleon, blood-stained and breathless, and says:

The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent . . .

And then Napoleon, in anger:

Infantry! Where the sacred God thinks he
I can find infantry for him? Forsooth,
Does he expect me to create them—eh?

"Life's curse begins, I see, with helplessness," says Napoleon, when the man has gone.

On the other side of the field a messenger for reinforcements is riding up. Reinforcements! cries Wellington:

And where am I to get him reinforcements,
In Heaven's name? I've no reinforcements here.

MESSANGER. What's to be done, your Grace?

WELLINGTON. Done? Those he has left

him, be they many or few,

Fight till they fall, like others in the field.

The description, lurid almost as the

battle itself, culminates in Ney's final

charge at the head of the Old Guard,

who are swept away by the responding

charge of the English Guards, and

carry back the rest of Napoleon's

army in inextricable confusion. The

last glimpse we get of him is of his

drawn and waxen face, nodding as he

rides away in the midst of his men, but

waking to think of his life's failure:

So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me;

And yet—I found the crown of France in

the mire,

And with the point of my prevailing sword

I picked it up. But for all this and this

I shall be nothing. . . .

To shoulder Christ from out the topmost

niche

In human fame, as once I fondly felt,

Was not for me. . . .

Great men are meteors that consume

themselves

To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

The Spirits of the Over-World end

the play, our Gentle Spirit of the Pities

having perhaps the noblest thing

in all this book to say when, in answer

to the Spirit of the Years, she sings of

her hope and faith in the Power

behind all things:

To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,

Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,

And liftest those of low estate,

We sing, with her men consecrate!

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,

Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the

frail,

Who hadst not shaped such souls as we

If tender mercy lack in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan

Seems unascending to Thy throne,

Though seers do not as yet explain

Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscanted scope

Affords a food for final Hope,

That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh

Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

The systemed suns the skies enscroll

Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,

Ride radiantly at Thy command,

Are darkened by Thy Master hand!

And these pale, panting multitudes

Seen surging here, their moods, their moods,

All shall "fulfil their joy" in Thee,

In Thee abide eternally!

Exultant adoration give

The Alone, through Whom all living live,

The Alone, in Whom all dying die,

Whose means the End shall justify! AMEN

THE BUZZING BEES AND THE EMPIRE

Community Spirit at Work

Lady Tweedsmuir, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, has been telling her readers that it needs the aid of an active imagination to realise the immensity of the Dominion and its contrasts in climate, scene, and characteristics. She stirs imagination on the subject in a rather novel manner.

Not only could the United States be fitted into Canada with a margin of territory left over, she says, but were it possible to turn the Dominion over it would stretch right across the Atlantic and cover the British Isles, France, Germany, and part of Russia. That is a lesson in geography which none of us is likely to forget.

Canada, for all its modern towns, modern buildings, and modern mechanism, Lady Tweedsmuir reminds us, has beautiful churches three centuries old, with fine silver wrought in days when Louis the Fourteenth ruled France and half Europe. In contrast with these links with Cromwell's days there still rise log dwellings such as were built by the first Europeans in the New World.

Helping the Newcomer

The old community spirit, by virtue of which all help each other, still survives, a spirit of which we have had an unsuspected echo in recent months in the B B C's spelling bees.

These bees, so-called from the buzzing conversation of the busy workers, originated in the New World. They embraced not only spelling competitions, but bees at which all the young women of a village congregated round a frame and in an afternoon made a quilt for one of their friends; or bees in which they all joined together to pick apples for a farmer, or sat in his barn and husked the corn.

Most delightful, because most romantic and friendly, were the raising bees. The rule of these is that when a newcomer arrives in an undeveloped neighbourhood all the farmers of the locality assemble with their workmen on the site, cut and haul the timber, saw the logs into the proper size and shape, and in the course of a single day build a wooden home for the stranger, so saving him weeks of unaided effort.

That is the spirit, the spirit of the bees, which has created homes for multitudes from the wastes and wilds of Canada and the United States. We like to think of the wonderful things that have come from the spirit of these buzzing human bees.

100,000 Tons of Apples Short

It is only now, with the returns of the Ministry of Agriculture before us, that we realise how truly disastrous to our fruit growers was last year's unseasonable weather.

There was a shortage of 100,000 tons of apples, strawberries were 10,000 tons down, while cherries, currants, and gooseberries were smaller crops than ever before.

The loss to the farmers was pitiable, but so far as the public was concerned, although nothing could replace the English cherries and strawberries, the lack of the other fruit was hardly perceptible.

Once upon a time such a season would have meant a positive fruit-famine for us all, but now we have the fruit-growing lands of the whole world to draw upon. Fruits that Shakespeare never knew, from lands of which his ancestors never heard, pour into our markets, so that we are able to preserve our health and enjoy products that are both necessities and luxuries.

The Spot of Light on the Television Screen

"We have been looking at two explanations of Television, the miracle of the 20th century. One is a captivating description given to us by Sir Stephen Tallents, who said this to us as we were watching his set with him:

Excited by impulses borne on a carrier wave which vibrates 45 million times a second, a spot of light a 32nd of an inch in diameter, travelling at the rate of 660 million miles an hour and varying in its illuminations up to 4 million times a second, traces 25 times a second in alternate lines a page of 405 lines on the opposite and sensitised end of the Cathode Ray Tube. The sight and sound signals are synchronised to within a 4-millionth of a second.

Surely a wonderful achievement, almost as miraculous as Sir Stephen's unhesitating recital of it. Having this in our mind we turned to the very capable television writer in the Wireless World who calls himself Cathode Ray, and we found in his notes the best description we have seen of what it is that happens on the Television Screen. It follows.

At any given moment a television picture consists of one small spot of light. Persons who rely on outworn phrases such as "seeing is believing" may perhaps refuse to accept this statement, but if necessary its truth can be demonstrated. If it were not for the sluggish response of the eye, which continues to see a thing for a short time after it has passed on, television, like the cinema, would be impossible.

Assuming the British system of television, with its 405 lines (of which 385 actually appear, the rest being used for synchronising) for every part of the receiver screen to be traversed once during the scanning process, it is necessary for the diameter of the luminous spot projected by the cathode ray tube to be a 385th of the picture height. And as the picture width is

25 per cent greater than the height it is equal to 482 spot diameters. So if the screen is imagined to be divided into tiny squares, each just large enough to contain the spot, the number of squares would be 385×482 , which is equal to 185,570. These squares can be referred to as picture elements.

Now, if the reception of television were made the subject of a B B C running commentary it might go something like this: "The spot has just come on to the field at the top left hand (Square 1) and is moving to the right very fast (Square 2). It seems to be getting a bit brighter now (Square 3); it has reached the middle of the field (Square 241), travelling slightly diagonally (Square 724); it has reached the extreme right and a little way down the field (Square 964). It's gone! No! there it is again at the extreme left (Square 965); now moving to the right again (Square 966) . . . very dark now and almost at the foot of the field, centre (Square 185,329). I can't see it at all now, can you? Oh! there it is at the top centre (Square 242). . . ."

And so on. But the commentator would have to be a rapid talker, for all 185,570 squares are successively occupied within a 25th of a second. Deducting from this the time spent behind the scenes changing from the end of one line to the start of the next, we are left with a 31st part of a second, during which the speed of the spot is constant. Therefore the time taken to move from one square to the next is

$$\frac{1}{31 \times 185,570} \text{ of a second,}$$

or 0.174 of a microsecond, as a millionth of a second is called. In that unimaginably short time the cathode ray by its impact on the screen has to generate enough light to represent anything up to the brightest part of the picture—say a lamp in the scene.

The Kookaburra That Would Not Laugh

HOLLYWOOD film directors were recently baffled by the question, What makes a kookaburra laugh? If they had known the answer to it the filming of Captain Fury would not have been held up for three days while four kookaburras, rented for 200 dollars a day, "perched unrelentingly on the limbs of an artificial tree and sneered at all attempts to amuse them."

Scenario writer Grover Jones caused the trouble by making a kookaburra's laugh an integral part of the script, but he soon admitted that he did not know how to make the bird laugh. Finally the director of the film appealed to a park superintendent from whom the birds were hired, but the superintendent, though he worked hard, failed to produce even a chuckle.

In the end the disgusted film producers had the sound equipment dismantled, and then the kookaburras, all four, laughed long and loud, but gave it up before the equipment could be remounted.

Little did they realise how easily the problem could have been solved. Give it a mouse and a kookaburra will express his amusement in no uncertain manner. At least, this is the recipe prescribed by the curator of one New Zealand zoo. Kookaburras delight in killing, he says, and in their native habitat in Australia they may often be heard bursting into

peals of laughter as they begin playing with a mouse or a snake.

The curator added that the kookaburras in his zoo were solemn fellows. Occasionally they laughed at about dawn or toward sunset, but more usually they were content to wear glum expressions. They certainly refused to laugh when visited on a recent afternoon. A few weeks ago, however, one of the birds caught a small rat, and his laughter resounded throughout the zoo.

Kookaburra is the Australian name for the laughing jackass, or, more properly, the Dacelo gigas. A native of Eastern Australia, the bird lives mainly on small snakes, lizards, and mice. For this reason it is protected by the Australian Government.

Home and Garden

The worst home for a child, says a former Inspector of Schools, is a flat.

In the opinion of this lady of experience the best home for a child is a little house with a little garden.

The inspector tells an interesting story of children evacuated from town to country in the crisis of six months ago. She says it was the first time many of them had lived in houses with gardens, and the teachers had great difficulty in getting the delightful children to go home again.

OLD LADY LOST Days and Nights Alone in the Bush

"No more adventures for me!" says Granny Mary MacKenzie, a 79-year-old Australian. Not long ago she had as big an adventure as anybody could want.

After doing her Monday morning's work Granny went to tea with her granddaughter, Mrs Adams, at Maroochydore, Queensland. It was pleasant to hear all the news, and the old lady lingered. "Just one more cup! Thank you, my dear! Now I must be getting home."

Although Mrs MacKenzie knew the path through the bush, she came to a place where the scrub was so dense that she thought she must have taken the wrong turning. She turned back, but walking became ever more difficult. Mrs MacKenzie's indomitable energy and courage made her determined to find the way, but the more she wandered the more bewildered she became. All round her stretched huge swamps, infested with snakes. Darkness fell, and Granny was lost in the bush.

Found By the Dogs

By daylight on the Tuesday morning police were scouring the bush. Neighbours from far and near formed search parties, and an Australian Blackfellow volunteered to track the old lady.

Three days passed. When Friday came the searchers had given up all hope of finding Mrs MacKenzie alive. That morning a man on horseback was riding through the bush. He was a cattle drover named Charles Jolson, and was returning from a cattle-driving expedition. Near the Buderim Mountain his attention was attracted by the barking of his cattle dogs in a swamp some way off.

He rode as far as he dare near the edge of the swamp, he went waist-deep in, and then he saw Granny MacKenzie clinging to a tea tree. As he reached her she was patting one of the dogs and saying Poor doggie! Her clothes had been torn to strips, but she was able to speak after four days of hunger and privation.

Drover Jolson lifted her up, carried her 250 yards through the swamp, put her on his horse in true knight-errant style, and got her safely home.

The Gamekeeper's Story

A Yorkshire artist has been telling an interesting story.

It seems that in November 1922 Mr Owen Bowen was painting in the village of Well, a lovely spot near Tanfield, when an old man hobbled out of a house close by and looked over his shoulder.

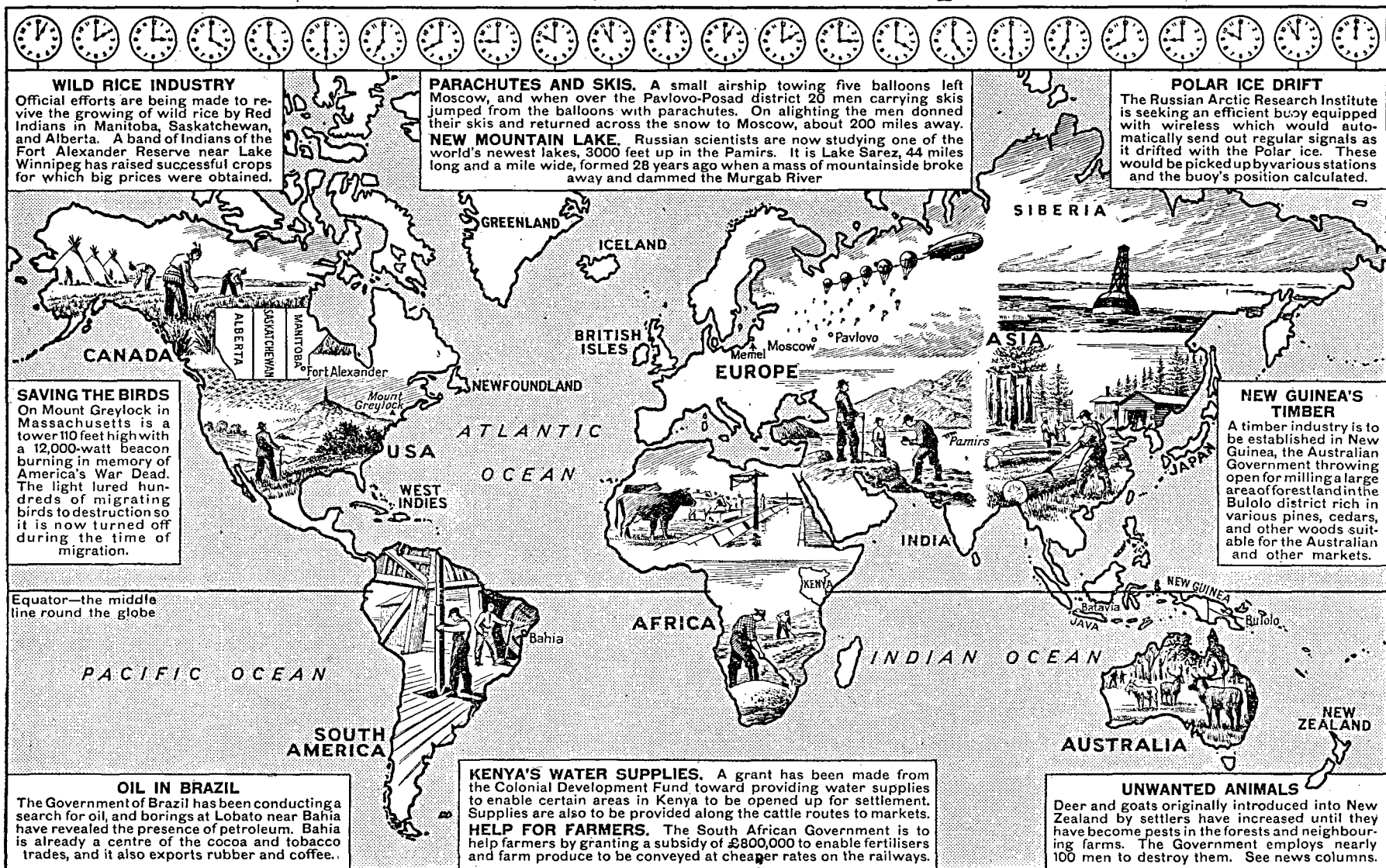
The old fellow seemed interested in Mr Bowen's work, and the artist learned that he was a gamekeeper. He invited Mr Bowen to his cottage, where he showed him some steel engravings his brother had done. He went on to say that he had another brother who was an artist, and when Mr Bowen asked if the old man painted he replied by picking up a pair of scissors and a sheet of paper and cutting out a marvellously vigorous and faithful outline of a horse and dog. "I've always been a gamekeeper," said the old man, "but my two brothers are artists, and I've a nephew who is an artist as well, only he doesn't do much painting now; he spends most of his time abroad."

"And what is his name?" asked Mr Bowen.

"Oh," said the old gamekeeper, "he's Sam's boy. Sam Carter lives in Norfolk and paints animals, and his boy is Howard Carter, who is digging out Tutankhamen's tomb."

It was the death of Mr Howard Carter a few weeks ago which brought this little tale to light.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



THE CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES

Black and White in USA

A well-known Negro priest of the United States, Monsignor Gladstone Wilson, has been deploring, as so many people do, the continuance of bad feeling between the Whites and the Negroes of America.

He blames both races in the matter. While the Whites think of the Negroes only as inferiors, fit for subsidiary occupations such as labouring and menial service, the Negroes on their side also have many prejudices.

The Negro question in America has changed since the Great War. In the old days the Negroes were mainly found in the southern States. After the war the American Government barred European immigration, save in very small numbers, and the manufacturers of the North sought Negro help from the South: great quarters of the industrial towns became occupied by Negro families. This brought Black and White into closer contact.

The prejudices still existing are shown not only in lynching but in other ways. For example, not long since a Negro Congressman was thrown out of a Pullman car for daring to ride with white men. This Negro was a graduate of a famous university and represented a Negro part of Chicago.

The number of Negroes in the United States is now roundly 13,000,000, or one in ten of the population. They are, of course, the descendants of the slaves shipped to America in long years of importation.

In the City

The other day, when the international situation was making members of the London Stock Market depressed and anxious, the bells of the Royal Exchange, which always play a little tune at mid-day, rang out with: "Oh dear, what can the matter be?"

Thousands of Unwanted Animals

Latest news from the scene of New Zealand's little war against unwanted deer shows that 40,000 animals were destroyed last season.

Nearly a hundred men were engaged by the New Zealand Government to help in ridding the forests of deer, goats, and chamois.

Tremendous difficulties were encountered, the deer-hunters having to contend with wet weather, flooded rivers, vast forests, lack of transport facilities, and trackless forests.

New Zealand is paying a heavy price for the mistakes of the early settlers who imported deer and goats from other countries with the object of providing sport for men with rifles. The deer found New Zealand an agreeable country with an abundant food supply and no natural enemies, and they multiplied with great rapidity. Besides destroying the seedling plants in the forests, they are now beginning to invade farms on the fringe of the forest. See World Map

The Wild Flower Men

Visitors to Doncaster Museum are always delighted with the specimens of fresh wild flowers from the surrounding district which they find on view all through the year.

Few realise that they are gathered by two miners, one of whom is unemployed. They are Mr W. Royle and Mr J. Jackson. Three or four times each week these men take long rambles in the surrounding country, and come back with specimens of wild flowers, which are handed over to the museum curator.

In this way they have walked many hundreds of miles and have discovered 300 varieties of flowers.

A Leighton Buzzard woman has collected £25 in farthings for the hospital in which she was a patient.

British Boys For British Farms

The National Farmers Union warmly supports the efforts made by the Y M C A Community Services Committee to train boys in farm work and thus to add to our land workers.

Training centres have been established in Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Derbyshire.

Farmers gladly help in training boys, who live at a hostel and go daily to their farms. In the evenings educational classes are held. The average training is ten weeks, and the Y M C A remains responsible for after-care of the boys for a year.

After training, the boy is placed on an approved farm and receives a proper wage. Care is taken that he does not displace an adult labourer or local juvenile labour.

Thanks largely to the thoroughness of this after-care work, more than 70 per cent of the boys so far trained remain in farm work.

The three existing training centres have in six years placed 1602 boys, and another 72 are now under training. Over 1800 farmers have helped in this good work.

Giants to the Rescue

Giant machines are soon going to give the New Zealand farmer a helping hand in stumping, clearing, and draining unproductive land.

There are thousands of acres of fine land lying idle on the west coast simply because the small farmer cannot afford to clear them, and so noxious weeds take possession. The Government has now decided to bring giant units of machinery to the aid of the struggling farmer, with which he will be able to clear the land like magic.

After the giants have transformed the west coast they will tackle the rest of the Dominion, hewing and draining.

FOUR THIRDS OF YORKSHIRE?

Idea for a South Riding

It is some years since Miss Winifred Holtby gave us her book *South Riding*, which has been read on both sides of the Atlantic. Winifred Holtby sleeps in peace on the Yorkshire wolds, and from her grave we may see much of the shire of broad acres she loved.

The book has now been the cause of some discussion. It refers to Yorkshire, though Yorkshire has no south riding; she is divided into North, East, and West Ridings, the word riding being a variation of the old word Thirthing.

For some years there has been a feeling in South Yorkshire that the West Riding is too big; and there is some excuse for this, for it is bigger than Devon, and over three times bigger than Westmorland. A group of councillors has been advocating a new quarter of Yorkshire to embrace Sheffield, Doncaster, and Rotherham, with a combined population of about a million. Borrowing Miss Winifred Holtby's title, they propose to christen this new division of Yorkshire *South Riding*.

Whether or not there will ever be a South Riding we cannot say, but if there should be it would be strange to have four thirds in a county, a state of affairs which would irritate the mathematicians though it might well please a fourth of the people in Yorkshire.

Our Ships

There appears to be good hope that British shipping is at last to receive adequate attention. Here are the facts as to the launchings of merchant ships.

In 1905 Britain launched 1,600,000 tons out of a total of 2,500,000 tons for all the world. That is, the British share was two-thirds of the whole. In 1938 Britain launched 1,000,000 tons out of a world total of 3,000,000. That is, the British share was one-third of the whole.

DRAMATIC RESCUE IN THE OUTBACK

The Flying Doctor at Work

A thrilling story comes from Australia telling of a hazardous flight of 500 miles by aeroplane by which a life was saved.

Away up in Northern Australia, near the borders of Western Australia and the Northern Territory, lies Bradshaw's Station, an isolated homestead. An urgent message was received in Darwin to say that a station worker was stricken with acute appendicitis, and there was no help nearer. Immediately Dr Fenton, the flying doctor whose exploits by plane to save life have made him known practically everywhere, set out on his 500-mile flight in his aerial ambulance.

In order to make a safe landing at Bradshaw's Station, which had only a clearing 300 yards long and about 35 yards wide for use as a landing ground, Dr Fenton landed 50 miles away and dumped all his excess gear and petrol. He made the landing at Bradshaw's safely, picked up his passenger, and took off again. The extra weight made the take-off extremely dangerous, but he cleared the trees by a few yards. Landing again, he took on board the petrol he had previously dumped, and set off.

Landing in the Dark

Then his troubles really started. He ran into a severe tropical storm and had to fly blind. By this time it was nightfall, and as well as having to be flown by compass only, the plane was pushed by headwinds far off its course. A landing for petrol was necessary, and a course was set for Katherine, where there is a small landing ground and petrol supplies. But the people at Katherine were not expecting a plane to land at nine o'clock at night and the aerodrome was in darkness.

By a supreme effort Dr Fenton landed safely and refuelled, and at ten he set off again for Darwin, and again had to battle through storms. His direction was right, however, and he landed safely at the Darwin aerodrome half an hour after midnight. The sick man was attended to immediately, and it was expected that he would make a quick recovery, not suffering any ill effects from his startling flight. He did not know till he was convalescing that he had been taken over some of the worst possible flying country, where huge rock peaks rise into the air for more than 1000 feet.

THE LOUT IN THE NEWS AGAIN

Fine Him on the Spot

We have been interested to see that the bus ticket litter lout is in the news again. It is many years since the C.N. made him Bus Enemy Number One.

Now the Tube lout is being discussed, a careful observer stating that in an hour on a London Tube station 39 pieces of litter, including sweet wrappers, cigarette packages, and newspapers, were thrown on the platform or the rails instead of being placed in the litter-boxes provided by the company. The 39 pieces did not include matches dropped.

There is only one remedy: the company should be allowed to fine the litter-maker on the scene of his crime. The officials should have tickets and a punch, like omnibus conductors, and collect twopence from each offender. Those refusing to pay would be summoned, and have to pay far more.

Farewell to the Dewpond

Dewponds in Fable and Fact. By Alfred Pugsley. Country Life, 3s 6d.

WHAT'S in a name? Mr Alfred Pugsley, who is the last to sum up the case of the Dewponds in this practical little book, will have it that there is a great deal in it.

Someone who had examined these ponds which are sunk on the high ridges of the chalk downs, as well as elsewhere, gave them the name of dewponds, and the name has sufficed since to account for their existence.

They remained full, or nearly full, of water when other ponds went dry, and consequently it was easy to assume that they had some special source of supply. What better choice could there be than the gentle dew from heaven?

Of Uncertain Age

Romance went with the idea; and nobody who has ever stood by the ponds on Chantonbury Ring, or Ditchling Beacon, or on Milk Hill overlooking the Vale of Pewsey, can quite escape it. Looking on those lonely shallow reservoirs it is not hard to imagine that they have been there a thousand years, fed by the dews, and offering their kindly hospitality to tribesmen with their cattle, or shepherds with their sheep, before the Romans came.

Mr Pugsley has examined all these famous ponds, and scores of others less familiar; but he finds himself unable to accept their claims to historic antiquity, or even to believe that those who made them had any idea that dew filled them. They probably are in some instances of great age; but even the idea that flocks of sheep drank at them in ancient days will not (unlike the ponds) hold water. Sheep very rarely drink at ponds, as Mr Pugsley has discovered. But the more positive fact which he quotes against the accepted legend of the origin of the dewponds is that dew could never suffice to feed or fill them.

Their age is a matter of uncertainty. Nobody can offer any record of their vast antiquity. The assertion of it can, as Mr Pugsley shows, be disproved; and some are actually modern. There are professional dewpond makers doing a brisk business today, and the author quotes some of their advertisements and describes their practical methods of making dewponds. But the chief flaw in the dewpond's title is that the "useful

trouble of the rain," as Tennyson called it, is its only foster-mother.

This has long been a matter of dispute. Mr E. A. Martin was the first authority to assault the origin of the dewponds 20 years ago, and he attacked them on the Sussex Downs in a thoroughly scientific manner. He showed that the amount of dew falling on a pond in a year could never fill it, because, apart from the fact that the amount of dew that falls is smaller than two inches a year, a pond is the last place it would select to fall on; and what did fall would soon be lost by evaporation.

Mr Pugsley agrees, but disagrees on another point. Martin thought that the sea-mists spreading over the downs would better account for the replenishment of the ponds; but even this source of supply is now discredited, apart from the fact that there are dewponds far inland; and the commonplace conclusion to which science invites us is that rain, and nothing but rain, fills them.

All a dewpond wants is a hole in the ground, shallow if need be, but the deeper the better, with a bottom to it which will not let water run away below. The old dewponds were made with bottoms of puddled clay, nearly impervious to water. Modern ones are made with cement bottoms. Both kinds answer to all the requirements and performances of dewponds past and present.

A Useful Holiday Task

So, very regretfully, the fable of the Dewpond fades into nothingness. The Stone Age Men in England may have made them, probably did, but they were not made to last through the centuries, and while they lasted the British rainfall was their fount and well spring. Sometimes it fell directly. More often it drained into the pond from ground on slightly higher levels.

These are the conclusions to which Mr Pugsley is led in this entertaining book, where all that is known about the structure and authenticity of dewponds is scrupulously set down. But he compromises with a suggestion to those who want to settle the origin of the dewponds for themselves. It is this: not to argue about it in comfortable armchairs, but to stop up all night on the downs, as Martin did, and take observations on the rise and fall of the surface of a dewpond. It would be a useful holiday task.

Grandma Jordan's Tramp

Good things and right things go on happening in the world, although it is often difficult to learn about them from the daily papers. We thank the Christian Science Monitor for the story of Grandma Jordan's good luck.

Mrs Jordan lives in Santa Barbara, California; and in the days before there was an organisation called Associated Charities hungry men often knocked at her back door and asked for a meal.

"Come in, my man, and I'll see what I can do for you," was her kindly response. "Sit down; I expect you are tired. Have you come far?" she would go on, as she bustled about with her saucepans knocking up a savoury meal from whatever she found in her larder.

Mrs Jordan's friends and family used to protest about this.

"Now and then you may help a worthy case," they would tell her, "but nine times out of ten these fellows are just ne'er-do-wells who are exploiting you. You encourage begging and you ought not to do it, alone there in the house as you are."

Mrs Jordan smiled. She had talked to the men; the others had not.

The years went by. Santa Barbara organised its social services and there were fewer calls on Mrs Jordan's hospitality. Then, as an old lady of 70, her income vanished, she was not able to pay her taxes; her home was threatened. The outlook was very dark, but Grandma Jordan was cheerful.

At the darkest hour came the postman's knock—a letter from a distant place in an unknown hand. It was from one of the tramps.

"Years ago (he wrote), when in the West, at loose ends and discouraged, I came to your door asking if I could chop wood for food. I was faint from hunger and exposure. You at once asked me in and prepared a good meal for me. You somehow got me to talk about myself."

That had been the turning-point in his life. Being treated like a gentleman by the kindly old lady had made him realise that he was capable of better things. There ended his career as a vagrant. He went home. He got work in a law office. He applied himself. He prospered. And now he wrote:

"I have not forgotten. Please accept the enclosed token, tendered as lovingly as you once gave to me."

The enclosed token was a draft for 100 dollars, a sum that handsomely saved the day for Grandma Jordan.

For Promising Scholars

Sale Grammar School for Boys has what is believed to be a unique association. Its members, who are parents of the boys, have opened a fund intended to help a particularly brilliant but not very well-to-do boy to have his chance of securing higher education. By means of this fund it will be possible for the headmaster to give financial help where help seems really needful.

A PROBLEM WHEN TROUBLE COMES

Transport of People and Materials

One of the new problems facing us in any national emergency is the problem of moving people as well as materials.

The use of ports had to be seriously considered in the Great War because of the attacks on our shipping, but in any new conflict fresh conditions will arise that did not exist in 1914.

A cargo ship reaching a British port, after escaping the dangers of attack at sea, would not become safe as it did 20 years ago. Every great port would become the subject of special attack. A ship arrived in port might easily be in greater danger than when travelling to the port.

London Port feeds a third of the population of England, and no doubt it would be made a special target. East coast ports would be in special danger. For that matter, England is so small that all its ports would be good targets, the west being a little safer than the east.

In the circumstances the Government no doubt is preparing schemes not only of military defence but of alternative transport. Both rail and road have to be considered and co-ordinated. The details are of great complexity and difficulty. Perfect safety is out of the question; all the more reason for ensuring the greatest degree of safety that organisation and ingenuity can provide.

Lord Howe, the chairman of the British Road Federation, has pointed out that road transport would be needed to carry traffic from our western ports in the event of the east coast ports being put out of action; that road transport would have to move food-stuffs, troops, and munitions, and that in the event of the railway system being attacked a greater strain than ever would be placed upon the roads, which can provide more flexible transport.

To move people, troops, food, materials, munitions, while every port and railroad is subject to attack, would be something new in the history of warfare.

We Can All Do Something

There is much talk in these days about the situation in Palestine. Some people suggest one solution and some another; and while they are talking there is one Yorkshire girl who is doing something.

She is Miss Margery Hood, who seems both practical and plucky. A representative of the Peace Army, she has gone out to Palestine, has spent a few weeks learning Arabic, and has made her home in a lonely village. In the village are many Arabs, and among them are a number of Jews who have hitherto lived at peace with their neighbours. But they have become anxious in recent days, fearing that the ill-feeling between Arabs and Jews elsewhere may be felt in their district, and they are glad to have someone English near by, especially someone who can speak Arabic.

So Miss Hood has taken a house in this danger zone, and there, with one companion, she is doing what she can to reconcile the Arab and the Jew.

A Change Comes Over the Broads

The omission of the decimal point in our recent account of the change in the water in the Norfolk Broads has led to some misunderstanding. A very slight addition of salt to water will prove fatal to freshwater fish, which cannot endure more than .9 per cent of saltiness. The point was also omitted from other figures in the story, the percentage of salt (sodium chloride) in the sea being 2.7.

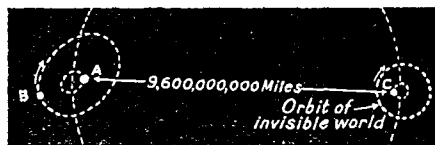
ZETA IN THE CRAB Its Great Invisible World

By the C N Astronomer

When we peer into the heavens we know that the vast multitude of stars spread before us is but a very small fraction of all that are actually there, less even than a millionth part of the grand array of suns revealed through the most powerful telescopes. Yet even giant telescopes reveal only an infinitesimal part of all that is actually there.

This applies more particularly to those innumerable worlds which, owing to their relatively small dimensions and lack of intense luminosity, remain hidden as if they were not there. A world as large as ours, and with no more radiance, could not be seen even if it revolved round one of the nearest stars. Nevertheless we get indirectly a peep, as it were, here and there from which we may infer a very great deal.

A most interesting example is presented in the solar system of Zeta Cancri—that is, Zeta in the Crab. Appearing as a little star of fourth magnitude, it may be easily found a little way to the west of the Praesepe on last week's star-map. This week's



The arrangement of the triple suns of Zeta Cancri, showing also the orbit of the invisible world and section of the probable orbit of each pair around a common centre

star-map shows what actually constitutes Zeta Cancri as far as is known at present, and how it is really three suns, A, B, and C.

Though it is 4,300,000 times farther away than our Sun, astronomers know of the existence of an invisible world belonging to Zeta C by the effect it has upon that sun. This must be either an immense or a very massive world, very much greater than ours, for it has sufficient gravitational pull to cause this sun, Zeta C, to revolve in an orbit perceptible at this enormous distance. The sun takes 17.6 years to revolve in an almost circular orbit, so the invisible world would take the same period. This world has been estimated to be, on an average, about 850 million miles from the relatively central sun C.

Now, this sun, as well as the other two suns of Zeta, A and B, is at about the same age and state of existence as our own Sun. They are, moreover, only very little more massive than our Sun, and so if either replaced our Sun we should notice scarcely any difference.

Much Bigger Than Jupiter

This invisible world would therefore appear to be a sort of giant planet much larger and more massive than our Jupiter, and revolving almost as far from its sun as Saturn does from ours. So it would receive light and warmth approximating to that received by Saturn from our Sun, while possibly it would possess sufficient central heat to make up for what was lacking to make it a world comparable to our own, but much larger.

The other two suns of this triple-sun system being at the enormous distance of about 9600 million miles from C, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times farther than Neptune from us, would shine merely as very bright stars. As A and B revolve in a great orbit around a common centre once in 59½ years, and average about 1600 million miles apart, their approach and recession would provide a singular and interesting series of events seen from the skies of that far-off world—skies that would probably be adorned by other planets, invisible worlds too small to produce perceptible effects, but whose possible existence sets us thinking of all that must exist in that Great Infinity which is beyond our vision, but not our reasoning faculties. G. F. M.

THE VOICE OF THE ROBOT Speech by Electricity

Sir Richard Paget has shown us how the human voice can be imitated by a few pieces of wood and leather, though it needs an inventor of his ingenuity and resource to put them together.

At the New York World's Fair an instrument named the Voder will attempt to produce speech by electricity. The Voder produces a sort of electrical hiss for the sounds of s, th, and f, which a human lung creates by forcing the breath through the mouth past tongue, teeth, and lips.

Other sounds are the d, k, p stop consonants, where the lips or teeth first close to let the sound emerge in an explosive way. There are besides the vowel sounds a, e, o; and all these varieties must be mixed to produce the sound of a word.

Electric currents supply the elements of 23 sounds; and these are mixed up in the right proportions to produce the blend by an operator who sits at a keyboard like that of an old-fashioned piano.

It is admitted that a long training period is necessary before the player on the Voder can make it produce a word that is recognisably human; and a speech of many sentences might take months of practice. For the present the Voder, though an interesting invention, trails far behind the loudspeaker.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 75 the two best paintings were sent in by David Arnold, 69 Westfield Drive, Loughborough, Leics; and J. Derbyshire, 100 Beacon Lane, Billinge, near Wigan. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Joan Birtles, Dronfield; Janet Buckle, Weymouth; Sheila Dornay, Hanworth; Mary Elston, Leeds; Kathleen Fisk, Thornton Heath; Mure Goodall, Dunfermline; Winkie Griffin, Portsmouth; Tim Horn, Llantwit Major; Mary House, Mells, near Frome; Bobbie Hudson, Leeds; Brian Krause, Nottingham; Joyce Laycock, Sutton-in-Craven; Patricia Leonard, Shrewsbury; Dennis Livingstone, Birmingham; A. Loup, Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard; Heather McCready, South Shields; Barbara Miles, Fulham; Ann Parnell, Lyndhurst; Marian Ruff, Henfield; George Shelley, Braintree; K. C. G. Howell, Liverpool; Jean Thomas, Usk; Rita Thorogood, Stoneleigh; K. A. Tomlinson, Mannings Heath; Allan Phillips, Guildford.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded an extra 2s 6d.

Westminster's Little Railways

One of London's Easter shows which will attract every boy is the Model Railway Exhibition.

At this show will be seen in miniature almost everything connected with railways, and a very high proportion of the exhibits is the work of clever amateurs. There will be several complete track lay-outs working, on which many phases of railway operation will be demonstrated. Among models not working will be many of trains in the early days of railways, as well as numerous foreign trains.

The exhibition will be held at Central Hall, Westminster, from Tuesday, April 11, to April 15.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of April 1914

The Triumph of a Noble Cause. The White Feather of Cruelty is to disappear from the British Isles. The long struggle to save the beautiful birds so ruthlessly destroyed to decorate a woman's hat has been crowned with success.

Many of the birds concerned—the egret, the bird of paradise, the scarlet tanager, the humming-birds, the white heron, and others—are in peril of extermination by this selfish trade.

STARVED AND WORN OUT

— yet he walked 1,000 miles
through African jungle

Intrepid explorer **TOM GLOVER**
lets you into a secret



A prowling lioness takes a good look
at Glover's camp.

And here's what
Boy Scout
JIMMY EDWARDS
thinks about Cadburys



'It's great fun being a scout. We go camping, play games; learn all sorts of useful things like ju-jitsu and wrestling. Whenever I set out on an expedition mother always sees that I have a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate with me. She says it's nourishing and very good for me but I like it because it tastes so good!'

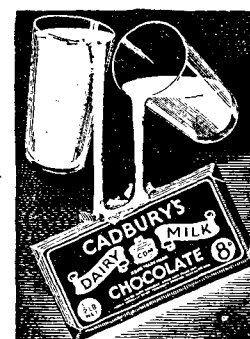


Tom 'FIRST TO TIBESTI' Glover finds—

**THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS
YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS
YOU UP TO YOUR JOB—**

YOU may not trek through African jungle, but you've got your own job of work to do, and maybe it's just as hard in its own way. So whenever you get that 'sinking' feeling, remember that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is more than something that's nice to eat — it's the finest energy snack known.

Just slip a 2d. block into your pocket. It's there whenever you want it, ready to 'feed you on your feet,' ready to send energy and good spirits soaring once again.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

THE BOY FROM BALTA

By
T. C. Bridges

5. Bareback

CHAPTER 1

Colin Takes a Chance

SAID Ted Tormer, "It's right enough to ride trained horses in the ring, but you ain't ever been on an unbroken horse. Now, there's a pony I'll lay you couldn't ride." He pointed as he spoke to a bay pony grazing in the big field through which he and Colin Carne, the Boy from Balta, were walking.

"Possibly you are right, Ted," Colin agreed. "But in any case I could not even attempt to ride a horse which does not belong to me."

"Who'd care?" retorted the freckle-faced Ted. "The owner wouldn't mind. You wouldn't be hurting it. I'll lay you can't get on its back without being thrown off."

Colin was tempted. Surely, as Ted had said, he could do the pony no harm by getting on its back, and it would be a new and interesting experience.

Colin had an amazing way with animals. The secret was that he was not afraid of any creature, wild or tame. The pony recognised this just as quickly as Fang, the wolf dog, had done. After one suspicious glance it stood still, and allowed Colin to stroke its nose and gently pull its ears. Then Colin put a hand on its withers and vaulted lightly on its back.

Ted, watching and grinning, fully expected to see Colin bucked off. Instead the pony went off at full gallop.

Colin had strong legs and a fine sense of balance. Though it was the first time he had ridden a horse in the open he found little difficulty in sticking on. He enjoyed the rush through the air and the fine swing of the spirited little animal beneath him. The trouble was that, as he had no bridle, he could not stop.

The pony went straight for the low hedge at the top of the field and over it with one easy leap. Colin found it a grand sensation. Now he was in a park with big trees. The pony galloped straight ahead, and Colin saw a big house in front with wide lawns which were faced by a sunk fence. The pony soared up over the sunk fence like a bird, and Colin was horrified to find himself galloping across beautifully kept turf. His mount swerved on to a gravel drive, passed the house, and took him straight into a great stable yard, where it pulled up quietly. A groom with his shirt sleeves rolled up stepped out of a loose box and glared at Colin.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name," said the boy, "is Colin Carne. I mounted the pony in a field and he galloped away. As I was totally unable to control him I was obliged to remain upon his back, and, as you have observed, he has brought me here."

"I don't believe a word of it," snapped the man, scowling. "More like you were trying to steal the pony."

Colin, who had slipped off Spin's back, stiffened. "The facts are as I have related," he answered, with a dignity that impressed the angry groom. He looked doubtful.

"You'll come in and see the master," he said at last in a rather quieter tone. "He'll know how to deal with you."

"I shall be happy to explain and apologise to him," Colin replied, and went with the man to the house. An elderly butler met them at the hall door.

"Who's this, Sandor?" he asked.

Sandor explained. "I'm taking him to the master," he said.

"Sir Hereward is out."

"Then I'll have to lock the boy up somewhere," said Sandor.

"There is no need to lock me up," Colin said in his clear voice. "I shall not run away."

"He can sit in my pantry," suggested the butler.

"Who's going to sit in your pantry, Burley?" came another voice, and Colin saw a frail, white-faced boy of about his own age standing at the door of a room opening into the hall.

"This lad was caught riding Spin, Master Roy," said the butler. "We are keeping him till Sir Hereward can see him."

Roy came forward slowly. He stared at Colin. "I say, you do look fit," he said enviously. "How came you to ride Spin?"

Colin told him, and Roy's pale blue eyes widened. "You mean you rode him without saddle or bridle?"

"It was not difficult," Colin told him. "The pony has beautiful paces."

"And I can't ride even with a saddle," Roy said sadly.

"I am so very sorry," Colin replied, and the other boy felt that he meant it. He spoke to the groom.

"Sandor, this boy can stay with me until Sir Hereward comes back. And, Burley, please send up tea to my room."

"Very good, sir," said Burley meekly, and he and Sandor went off.

"Come to my room," Roy said, and Colin, wondering, followed.

CHAPTER 2

A Private Performance

ROY'S room was beautifully furnished. There were masses of flowers, a fine wireless set, and quantities of books. Roy sank on an invalid couch.

"Now tell me all about yourself," he demanded.

Colin, who felt really sorry for this sickly-looking lad, began to tell him about his life on Balta with his hermit uncle. He never had a more interested listener. Roy leaned forward, almost breathless. When Colin came to the death of his uncle, his trip to the mainland, and his meeting with Fang, Roy could not contain himself.

"But weren't you frightened?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"No," Colin said simply. "There is no need to be frightened of any animal unless it is frightened first."

While Roy was trying to take this in tea arrived.

"I hope you are hungry," he said.

"I am," admitted Colin. "And so is Ted, I am sure. I wish he were here."

"Ted—you mean the boy who was with you. I'll send for him. Burley, send Jim to look for a boy called Ted. He is in the lower meadow."

"He is here, Master Roy," said the butler sourly. "He has just arrived at the back door, looking for his friend."

"Splendid!" said Roy. "Send him in." Burley looked utterly disapproving but made no protest, and presently freckle-faced Ted came in.

"Nice scare you give me, Colin," was his first remark. "But ain't that a pony! Crikey, I wish we had him in the circus."

"The circus!" Roy exclaimed. "Do you belong to a circus?"

Ted nodded. "Corbett's Colossal." "You mean you belong to it too?" Roy demanded of Colin.

"That is true," said Colin with a smile. Roy looked utterly amazed. "But—but you speak like a gentleman."

"No reason why a gentleman shouldn't belong to a circus," said Ted shortly.

"I—I beg your pardon," Roy said. "But you see, I have never been to a circus."

"Never been to a circus!" repeated Ted. "Why, what's the matter with you?"

"I have been ill all my life," Roy answered. "I hardly ever go out."

"You don't look that bad," said Ted bluntly. "But that there tea's getting cold and I could do with a cup."

Roy hastened to pour out, and while Ted and Colin tucked in Roy told them about himself. He had always been delicate, and his mother had taken great care of him. She had died when he was seven, and his father had got a nurse for him.

"But my father is always out of doors," said Roy wistfully, "and I don't see much of him. My cousin Guy looks after me."

Colin felt terribly sorry for the lonely boy, but it was Ted who spoke his mind.

"You'd be a heap better if you went round a bit. You ain't lame or anything. You ought to come to the circus and see Colin riding our horses."

Roy clasped his thin white hands.

"Do you ride horses in a ring?"

"I am learning," said Colin.

"Do you stand on their backs?"

"You bet he does," said Ted, as he took his third slice of cake.

"I'd give anything to see it," Roy declared earnestly. He started up. "We have a quiet old mare called Bess. If Sandor put a pad saddle on her do you think you could stand on her back, Colin?"

"I would not mind trying," Colin answered with a smile. "But your father might object."

"He's out, and so is Guy. It's a splendid chance." Before they could stop him he had rung the bell for Sandor.

Sandor's rather grim face was a study when Roy put up his plan. But he liked Roy and had always felt sorry for him. He noticed now how bright and interested Roy looked. Suddenly he smiled. "Very good, Master Roy. I'll put a pad saddle on Bess."

Bess was a grey mare, elderly and amiable. She was accustomed to carrying panniers for shooting parties. When the three boys

went out they found Sandor had put the pad saddle on her and a halter with a long rope attached. They all went out into the park, and Sandor set Bess to ambling round in a circle.

Colin kicked off his shoes, vaulted on to her back, then rose to his feet and stood up straight. Bess's gait was different from that of the circus horses. Colin lost his balance, jumped, landed lightly on his feet, and was up again in a flash.

"That's circus work all right," declared Sandor with real admiration.

"It's perfectly wonderful," cried Roy. "Oh, if I could only do that!"

"Have you not ever ridden, Roy?" Colin asked, springing down.

Roy shook his head.

"Try now. I'll hold you."

"Oh, do you think I could?"

Sandor looked round, but no one was watching.

"Try it, Master Roy," he said, and lifted him to the saddle.

Colin got on behind and held him. First Bess walked, then cantered. Roy was enchanted.

"It's splendid," he panted.

"You're doing fine," shouted Ted. "And looking fine too," he added to Sandor.

"It don't seem to do him no harm," the groom agreed, then suddenly a dismayed look came upon his face. "Here's Mr Compton. Now there'll be trouble." A tall young man in smart tweeds came striding up. "What is going on here?" he demanded in icy tones. "You on a horse, Roy!" He swung upon Sandor. "Have you gone crazy?"

Bess stopped. Colin helped Roy off. He faced the furious Guy Compton.

"There is no need for you to be angry with Mr Sandor," he said calmly. "The fault, if any, is mine. But the ride has done Roy no harm. You can see for yourself that he is looking better."

Guy glared at Colin. "Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

"He is Colin Carne," Roy answered. "He is the nicest boy I ever met. He owns an island."

Guy looked a trifle staggered. A boy who owned an island must be somebody, and Guy Compton was a snob at heart.

"But how does he come here, and who is this other youth?"

"This is Ted Tormer," Roy explained. "He comes from Corbett's Colossal Circus."

"He looks like it," Guy sneered. "Clear out!" he ordered scornfully.

Ted was not at all alarmed. "I'll clear," he said, "and Colin too. We couldn't be too far from a sour-faced chap like you."

"Oh, you're not going," cried Roy.

"They're going at once," said Guy. "And you're coming to lie down. You'll have a heart attack after this."

"I think you're a perfect pig, Guy," Roy cried, "and I don't believe there's anything the matter with my heart."

Guy's jaw fell. This was something quite new. Roy had never before defied him. For years he had encouraged Roy to think himself an invalid because he hoped that he himself would be left to manage Lane Park, Sir Hereward Hawke's great property. But he recovered quickly.

"You boys, go at once," he ordered. "Roy, you will come back to the house."

Roy rebelled. "I'm not going into the house," he said flatly.

Guy lost his temper. He caught hold of Roy so roughly that the boy cried out with pain. That was enough for Colin. He stepped forward. "You are hurting Roy. Let him go," he said.

Guy struck out, knocking Colin down. But he had not reckoned with Ted. Ted ran at him, head down, and next moment Guy was on his back.

It was at this moment that a big man with a grizzled moustache came cantering up on a tall horse. He sprang off.

"What's happening here?" he demanded. Sandor explained.

"Mr Compton handled Master Roy roughly and these boys interfered, Sir Hereward."

Sir Hereward turned to Roy. "Is this true?"

"Quite true, Dad," replied Roy, and poured out explanation.

Sir Hereward gazed at his son.

"Why, you have a colour, Roy. I never saw you look so bright." He paused. "I wonder if I've been mistaken about you."

Colin spoke. "If you will allow me to say so, sir, all that your son requires is fresh air and exercise."

"By gad, boy, I believe you are right," the baronet answered. "At any rate we'll try your prescription. Come into the house, young Carne. You too, Tormer. I believe you're the doctors, and I want a good talk with you both."

JACKO FEELS BETTER

POOR Jacko had followed the fashion, and caught influenza.

For a day or two he felt so unlike himself that he meekly did what he was told, drank nasty medicine, stayed quietly in bed, and went to sleep before the sun went down.

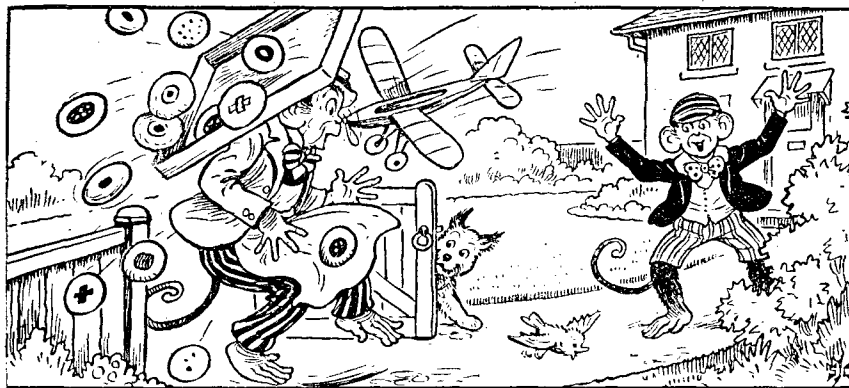
But he soon began to feel better, and, as his mother said, the better he felt the naughtier he grew.

Belinda. "A model one, I mean. I'll get the things and bring them round."

And so she did; and Jacko was delighted.

The weather grew worse. It snowed, and the wind fairly howled round the house; but Jacko didn't care: he was absorbed in his model.

And a splendid thing he made of it. By the end of the week it was finished.



The man yelled and dropped the tray

He grumbled at his food, he grumbled at staying in bed; and when the doctor forbade him to go out (for it was as cold again as winter) he sent up a howl that went to Mother Jacko's kind heart.

She went round to Belinda and told her all about it.

"The poor lad's miserable. What can I do to amuse him?" she asked.

Belinda laughed. "That's easy," she said. "Get him to make something."

"Yes, but what sort of thing?" asked Mother Jacko.

"Well—an aeroplane," replied

Jacko held it up with a shriek of pride. "I'm going to try it out, Mater," he cried.

It was Easter time, and the sun was shining. Jacko, standing in the garden, poised it in his hand for a moment, and then let it go.

It ought to have risen and flown away; but instead it made straight for the baker, who was entering the gate with a tray of hot cross buns in his hands, and hit him a whack on the nose.

The man yelled and dropped the tray, and out flew the buns all over the place!



Your Child's Health is at Stake

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child, nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach 'upsets' she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Always remember it is absolutely safe and there is nothing 'just as good.'

Sold by all Chemists.

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(Regd.)

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THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

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BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for
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Is Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

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—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS
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NOW TO** The Secretary, The Little
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Friends of the CN

The CN in its present form is 20 years old this year. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless) a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would be a birthday gift indeed,

a new lease of success and
influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

and debit my account.

Will you give this to your newsagent in celebration of the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to

the Still Small Voice

MARIE ELISABETH

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When your own holidays are under consideration, please remember our 16,000 very poor children for whom we plan a day in the country or by the sea. The cost is 2/- for each child.

R.S.V.P. to the REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent,
EAST END MISSION
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 8, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopaedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Problem

ELSIE was very good at arithmetic, and her brother Jack often tried to puzzle her with strange sums. "Here's a good one, Elsie," he said one day. "If half of two were three, what would a quarter of twenty be?"

But it was only a few seconds before Elsie gave the right answer.

What was it? *Answer next week*

A Bright Idea

WHEN pussy turns her back to me They say it's going to rain; But though I turn her round about She turns her back again.

I want it to be fine today, And so I think I'll creep And sit the other side of her While she is fast asleep.

Traffic Problem

THE car slowly made its way along the rough moorland track. Eventually there were signs of human habitation, and so the driver pulled up.

"You don't have many cars passing this way, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Mister, we do. Why, only last year there were three, the year before that two, and now there's you."

Ici on Parle Français



Le cheval de bataille Une escorte Un uniforme
charger escort uniform

Le président fut reçu par une escorte de gardes. Les uniformes des soldats sur leurs superbes chevaux de bataille formaient un spectacle imposant.

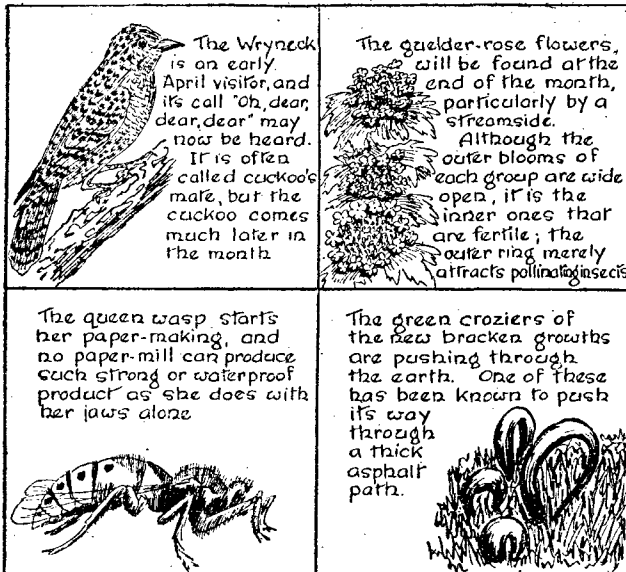
The president was met by an escort of guardsmen. The uniforms of the men on their magnificent chargers made an impressive sight.

Opening a Canister

It is often rather difficult to remove the lids of canisters. Here is a good way of getting over the difficulty.

Get some strong twine and tie this tightly, with a secure knot, just below the lid of the tin. Now beneath the string push a pencil or a wooden skewer, and start to turn it round so that the string is twisted. As this is continued the top part of the tin will be drawn together very slightly, but just enough to enable the lid to be easily removed.

In the Countryside Now



The Wren is an early April visitor, and its call 'Oh, dear, dear, dear' may now be heard. It is often called cuckoo's mate, but the cuckoo comes much later in the month.

The guelder-rose flowers, which will be found at the end of the month, particularly by a streamside. Although the outer blooms of each group are wide open, it is the inner ones that are fertile; the outer ring merely attracts pollinating insects.

The queen wasp starts her paper-making, and no paper-mill can produce such strong or waterproof product as she does with her jaws alone.

The green croziers of the new bracken growths are pushing through the earth. One of these has been known to push its way through a thick asphalt path.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Uranus is in the south-west and Neptune is in the south-east. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 11.



What Happened on Your Birthday
April 9. Edward IV died . 1483
10. Algernon Charles Swinburne died . 1909
11. George Canning born . 1770
12. Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, French botanist, born. 1748
13. Hugh Clapperton died . 1827
14. Handel died . 1759
15. Father Damien died . 1889

Everybody's Doing It

WHAT is it that everybody and everything are always doing at the same time? Growing older.

What Is This?

MY first the rainbow shows
When in rich hues it glows;
My next has vowels three;
My third was once a tree;
My fourth begins the year;
My whole the past makes clear.

Answer next week

Clover Eggs

EGGS for Easter can be prettily decorated with clover leaves. Pinch away the stalks and press the leaves on to the shells of the eggs, allowing five or six for each egg. If the leaves are moistened a little they will adhere to the shell long enough for you to take the next step. Wind a narrow strip of white cotton material

over the egg, taking care not to displace the leaves. Pull the strip tight and stitch the end for security. Boil the eggs in the usual manner, and when they are cooked and the strips and leaves are removed pretty green prints of the clover will be seen on the shell.

The Postman

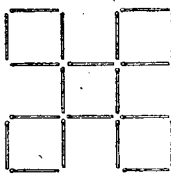


THE cricket season's not begun, I'm quite aware of that! But while that dog is on the run I'll wear my pads—that's flat!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Objects Beginning With S
There are at least 21—Sill, shop, step, shawl, stick, shoe, seat, spaniel, sunshade, sail, smoke, stones, ship, stripes, sailor, shadow, sky, sea, sign, skirt, shore.

Match Puzzle



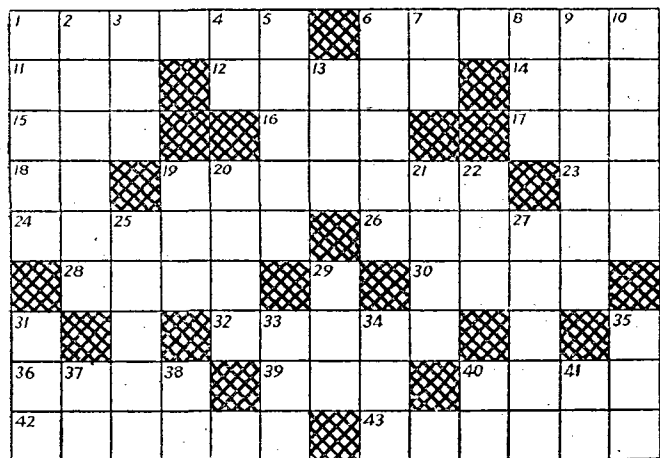
Flower Problem

CuP, India, coiN, asS, boY—PANSY

Reading Across. 1. A man of the sea. 6. Dairy produce. 11. A limb. 12. Makes father's face smooth. 14. A chopper. 15. To take up water by the tongue. 16. To incline the body in token of respect. 17. Leguminous plant. 18. A sailor.* 19. A particular form of eight-lined verse. 23. Road.* 24. Placed in a shallow vessel after cooking. 26. Games and pastimes. 28. A character placed at the beginning of music. 30. Part of the eye. 32. Medicine. 38. Half a quart. 39. A wild animal's lair. 40. Helps. 42. Property. 43. To set on fire.

Reading Down. 1. Raw vegetables mixed. 2. The language of the Arabians. 3. A mischievous sprite. 4. Heraldic term for gold. 5. Excessively enthusiastic. 6. Game played by Drake. 7. Home of Abraham. 8. A faucet. 9. Strives. 10. Peruses. 13. A collection of living animals. 19. Definite article. 20. Deprived of. 21. Heroic. 22. A high pointed rock. 25. A slope. 27. Not easily bent. 29. A unit. 31. A monkey. 33. A lyric poem. 34. This is essential to writers and printers. 35. To employ. 37. Exists. 38. Territorial Army.* 40. Indefinite article. 41. Deputy Lieutenant.*

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. *Answer next week*

Five-Minute Story

Which Twin?

BOBBY and Brian were twins, and so like each other in looks that it was difficult to tell which was naughty young Bobby and which was good little Brian. So the bad twin took an impish delight in getting into mischief and letting his brother get the blame.

But once, when they were on a visit to Aunt Margaret in the country, Bobby had a big surprise.

One day their aunt saw one of the boys on the stairs; and as he was walking down instead of sliding down the banisters she thought it must be Brian, so she said:

"Run back upstairs, Brian, and put on a clean blouse. I'm going to take you into town with me this afternoon."

"Both of us, Auntie?"

"No, dear, I only want you. Bobby can help Mary to pick the gooseberries."

She had really been talking to Bobby, and that young rascal had visions of toy-shops and ice-cream in cafés, so he was determined not to deceive her.

He ran gaily up the stairs to the bedroom, where he found his twin, and informed Brian proudly that he was going to town.

"Oh dear, I wish I were!" sighed Brian enviously.

"Ah, well, I suppose Auntie knows you've had toothache, and thinks ice-cream and chocs will make it worse," declared Bobby spitefully, and off he sped.

They went by bus into town, and to Bobby's great joy they sat in the front seat. "This is fine!" he thought merrily. "Much better than helping to pick prickly old gooseberries."

When they reached the little market town Aunt Margaret visited one or two shops and at last she said:

"Now come along, Brian. I'm ready to take you to see Mr Brown." And to Bobby's horror she led the way into a dentist's surgery.

"Good afternoon, madam. Is this the young sufferer you mentioned on the telephone?"

"Yes, Mr Brown," replied Aunt Margaret. "I think the tooth had better come out. He has had toothache for several days."

To Bobby's horror the dentist made him sit down and open his mouth. In vain he protested that he had no toothache; a bad tooth was found and quickly extracted.

The dentist gave him a new sixpence. But what use was that when he did not feel like eating any ice-cream? For once Bobby wished he had not been so ready to step into his brother's shoes.

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white: Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube.

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